WHAT IF™

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

50¢ CC

4 AUG 02686

WHAT IF™ THE INVADERS™

HAD STAYED TOGETHER AFTER WORLD WAR TWO?

C'MON, HEROES! AMERICA NEEDS US!

NOW, MORE THAN EVER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: A STUNNING SAGA OF AN ALTERNATE REALITY!

WHAT IF THE INVADERS HAD STAYED TOGETHER AFTER WORLD WAR TWO?

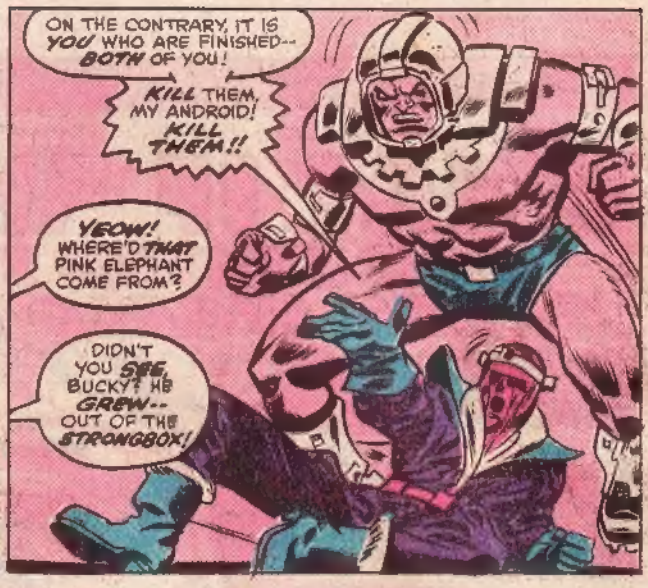
ROY THOMAS & FRANK ROBBINS
CO-CONJURERS OF COSMIC CACOPHONY

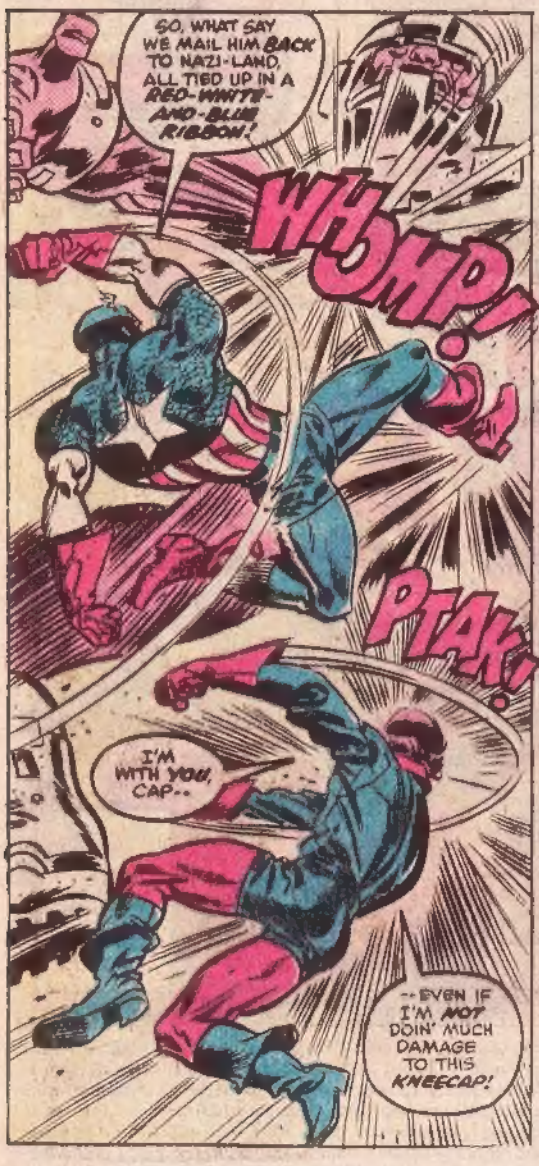
FRANK SPRINGER
EMBELLISHER

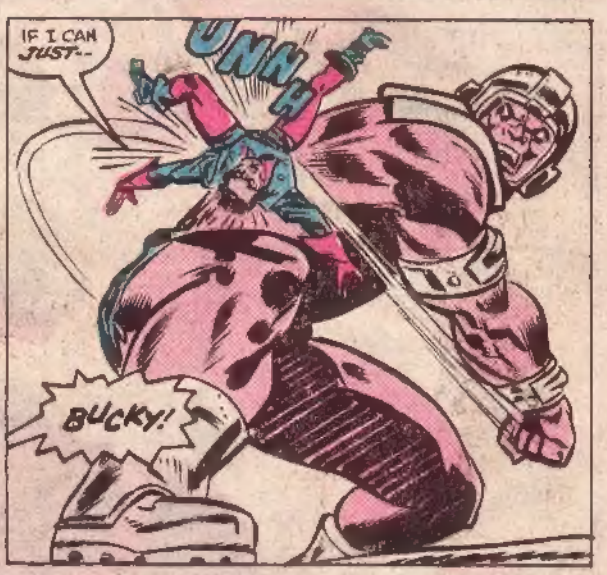
GEORGE BELL COLORIST
ROSEN & COSTANZA, LETTERERS

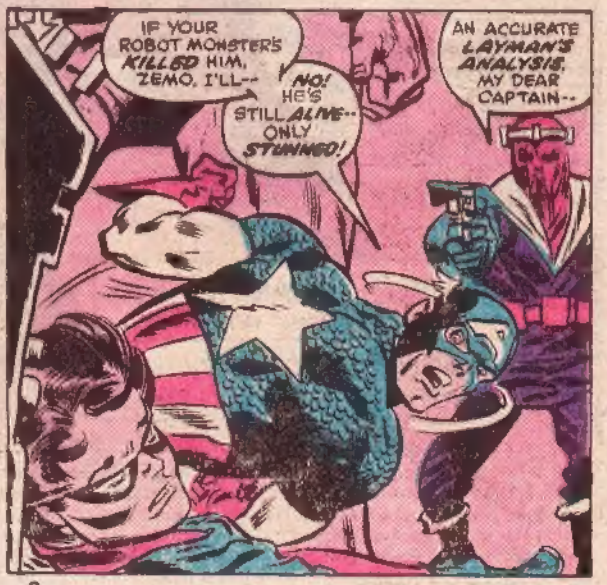
WHAT IF?™ is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Office of Publication: 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10022. Published bi-monthly. Copyright©1977 by Marvel Comics Group. A Division of Cadence Industries Corporation, all rights reserved. Vol. 1., No. 4, August 1977 issue. Price 50¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the United States of America. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. The Invaders (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the Marvel Comics Group.

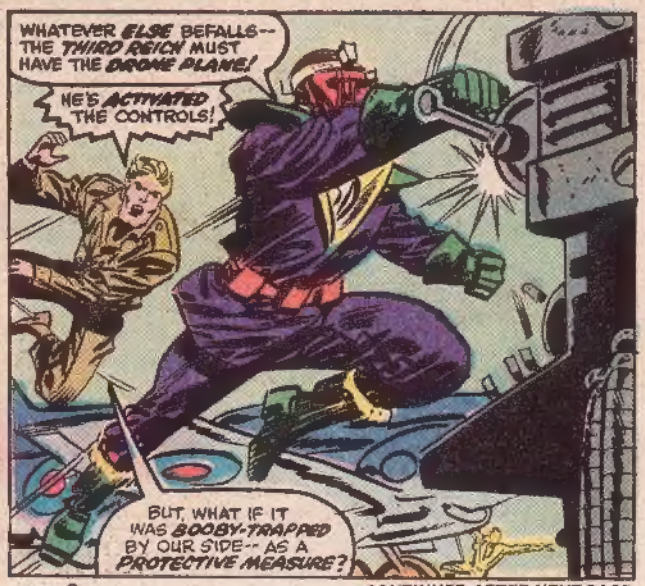
FACE IT, RATZI! THIS IS YOUR FINAL BLITZKRIEG FOR UNCLE ADOLF!
BOK!
IN FACT, HE MUST BE JUST ABOUT DOWN TO HIS LAST BUNKER BY NOW!


ON THE CONTRARY, IT IS YOU WHO ARE FINISHED-- BOTH OF YOU!
KILL THEM, MY ANDROID! KILL THEM!!
YEOW! WHERE'D THAT PINK ELEPHANT COME FROM?
DIDN'T YOU SEE, BUCKY? HE GREW-- OUT OF THE STRONGBOX!

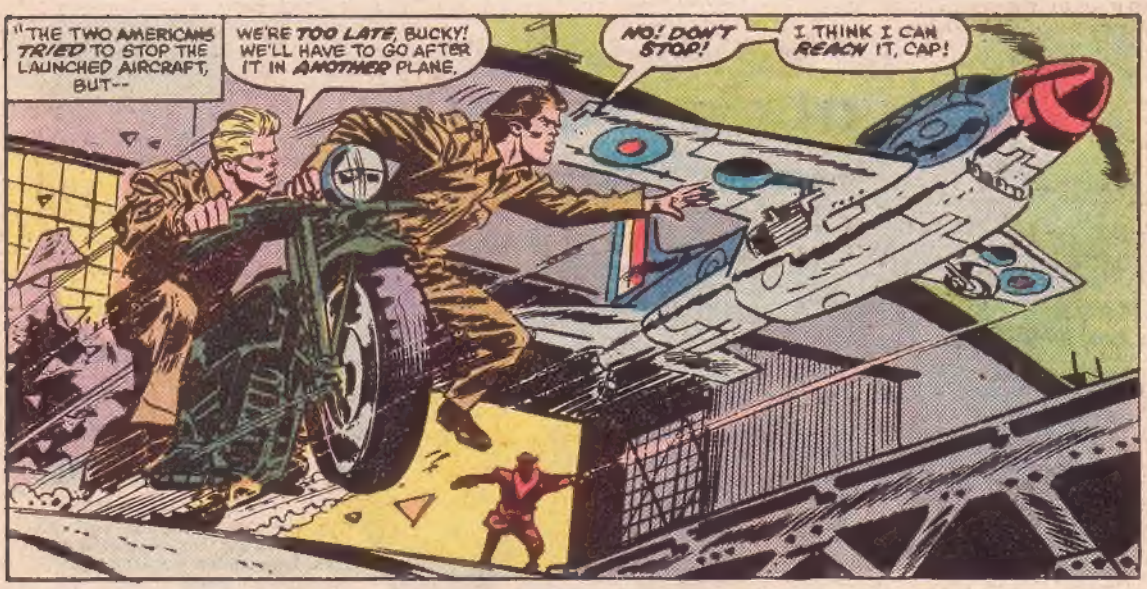

SO, WHAT SAY WE MAIL HIM BACK TO NAZI-LAND, ALL TIED UP IN A RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE RIBBON!
WHOMP!
PTAK!
I'M WITH YOU, CAP--
--EVEN IF I'M NOT DOIN' MUCH DAMAGE TO THIS KNEECAP!

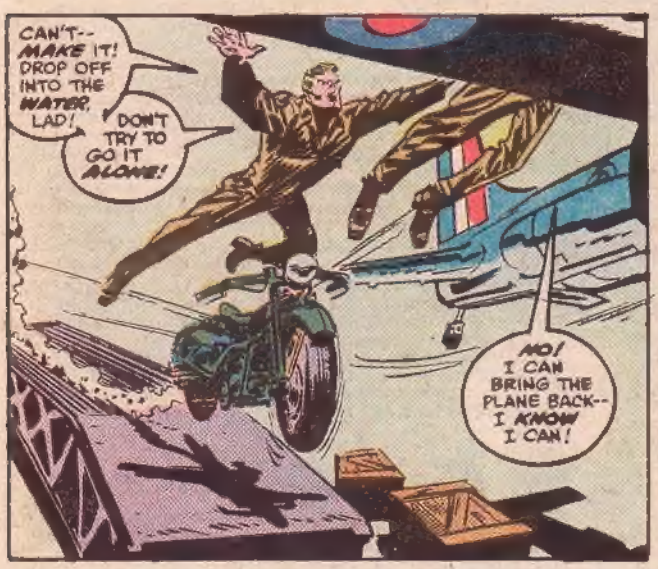

IF I CAN JUST--
UNH!
BUCKY!


IF YOUR ROBOT MONSTER'S KILLED HIM, ZEMO, I'LL--
NO! HE'S STILL ALIVE-- ONLY STUNNED!
AN ACCURATE LAYMAN'S ANALYSIS, MY DEAR CAPTAIN--

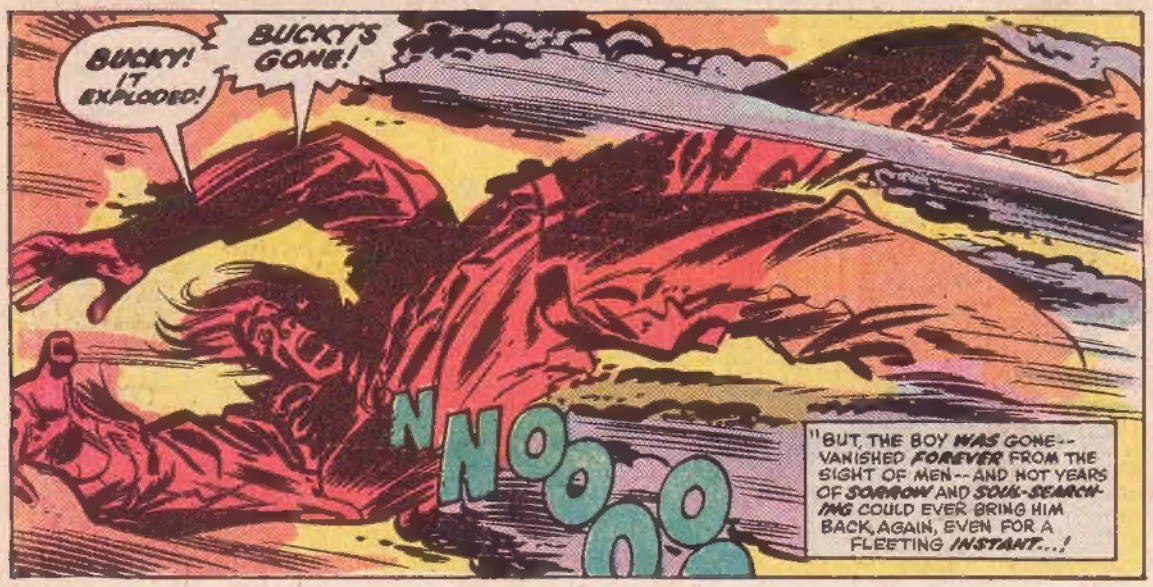


CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE


"THE TWO AMERICANS TRIED TO STOP THE LAUNCHED AIRCRAFT, BUT--
WE'RE TOO LATE, BUCKY! WE'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER IT IN ANOTHER PLANE.
NO! DON'T STOP!
I THINK I CAN REACH IT, CAP!

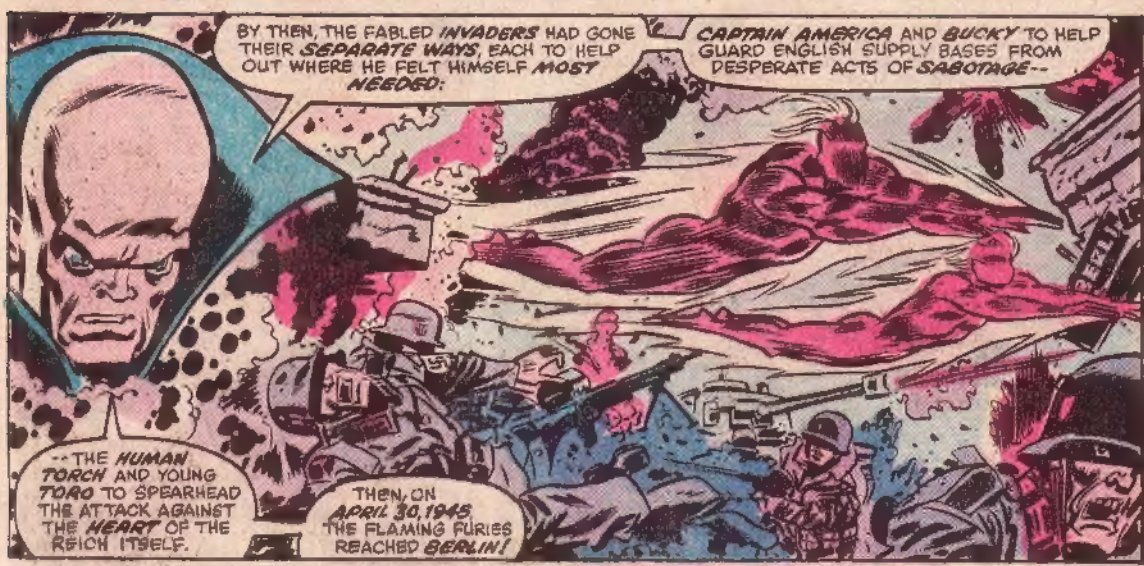

CAN'T-- MAKE IT! DROP OFF INTO THE WATER, LAD!
DON'T TRY TO GO IT ALONE!
NO! I CAN BRING THE PLANE BACK-- I KNOW I CAN!

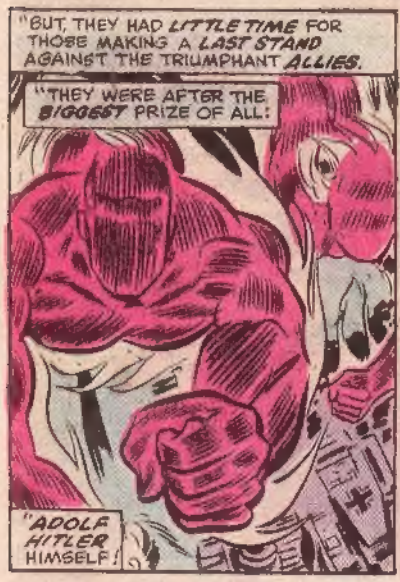
BUCKY-- LET GO! IT MIGHT BE BOOBY-TRAPPED-- AND YOU CAN'T DEACTIVATE THE BOMB WITHOUT ME!
DROP OFF-- BEFORE IT EXPLODES!
YOU'RE RIGHT, CAP-- I CAN SEE THE FUSE! IT'S GONNA--


BUCKY! IT EXPLODED!
BUCKY'S GONE!
NNOOOO
"BUT, THE BOY WAS GONE-- VANISHED FOREVER FROM THE SIGHT OF MEN-- AND NOT YEARS OF SORROW AND SOUL-SEARCHING COULD EVER BRING HIM BACK, AGAIN, EVEN FOR A FLEETING INSTANT...!

IT WAS ONE OF THE SADDEST, GRIMMEST MOMENTS OF A SAD AND GRIM WAR.
I KNOW-- FOR DID I NOT WITNESS THEM ALL, FROM HERE ON EARTH'S MOON, AS THRU A GLASS DARKLY?
IS THAT NOT THE DESTINY-- AND THE CURSE-- OF THE WATCHER?

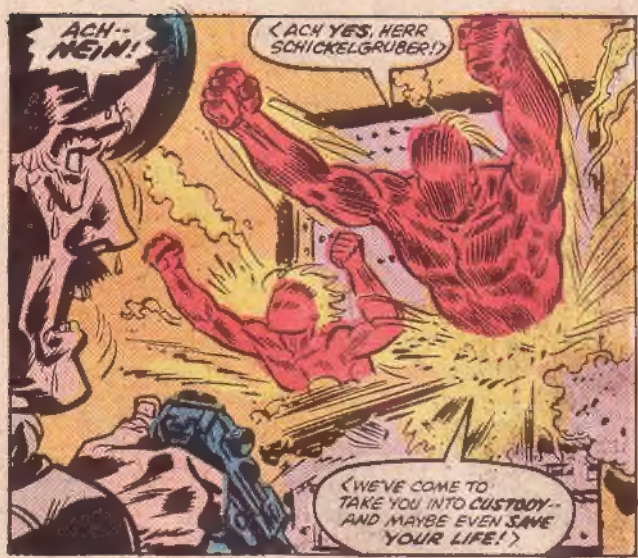
AND, PERHAPS THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF ALL IS THAT IT HAPPENED IN THE CLOSING DAYS OF THE WAR IN EUROPE— WHEN VICTORY WAS SO NEAR.
FOR, THE THIRD REICH WAS CRUMBLING, IN THE SPRING OF 1945...


BY THEN, THE FABLED INVADERS HAD GONE THEIR SEPARATE WAYS, EACH TO HELP OUT WHERE HE FELT HIMSELF MOST NEEDED:
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TO HELP GUARD ENGLISH SUPPLY BASES FROM DESPERATE ACTS OF SABOTAGE--
--THE HUMAN TORCH AND YOUNG TORO TO SPEARHEAD THE ATTACK AGAINST THE HEART OF THE REICH ITSELF.
THEN, ON APRIL 30, 1945, THE FLAMING FURIES REACHED BERLIN!


"BUT, THEY HAD LITTLE TIME FOR THOSE MAKING A LAST STAND AGAINST THE TRIUMPHANT ALLIES.
"THEY WERE AFTER THE BIGGEST PRIZE OF ALL:
"ADOLF HITLER HIMSELF!

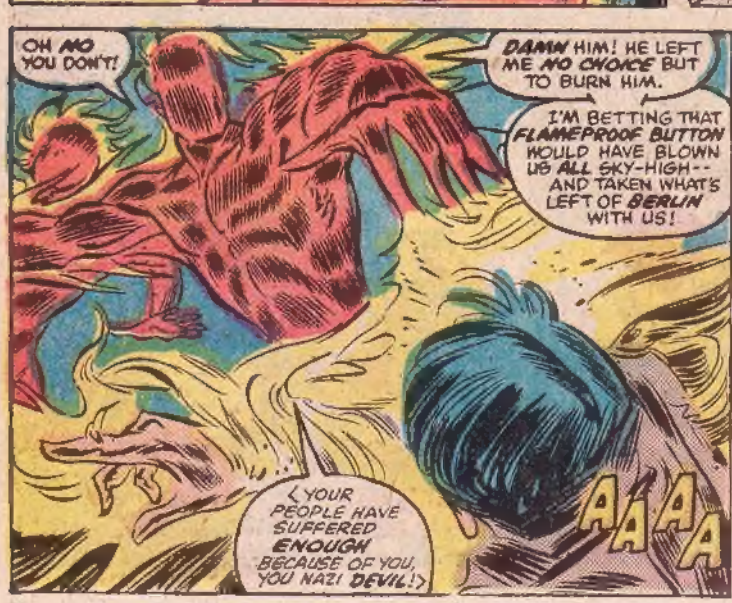
"AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DER FÜHRER SAT IN HIS SUBTERRANEAN BUNKER-- HIS BRIDE EVA ALREADY DEAD OF CYANAMIDE, AND HIS 7.65-CALIBER WALTHER PISTOL POINTED AT HIS RIGHT TEMPLE...
<WHEN I AM DEAD, OTTO,* BURN OUR BODIES!>
<I DO NOT WANT TO BE PUT ON EXHIBITION IN A RUSSIAN WAX MUSEUM!>
<JA, MEIN FÜHRER>
*S.S. MAJOR OTTO GÜNSCHE. --ROY.

THEN FARE-WELL, OTTO. I--
VAS--? SPARKS-- COMING FROM THAT STEEL DOOR, AS IF IT WERE MELTING--!
I HAVE SEEN SUCH A THING BEFO--

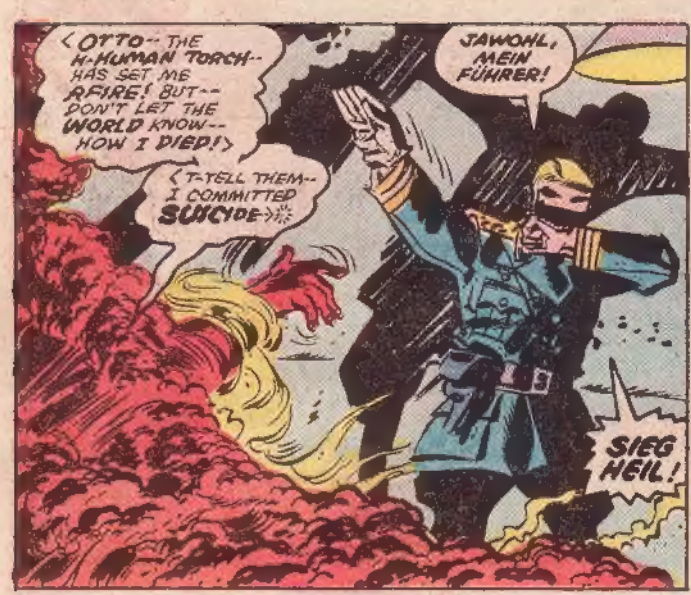

ACH-- NEIN!
ACH YES, HERR SCHICKELGRUBER!
WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU INTO CUSTODY-- AND MAYBE EVEN SAVE YOUR LIFE!

WE KNOW YOU FEAR CAPTURE BY THE RUSSIANS-- WITH GOOD REASON, SINCE THEY'VE LOST MILLIONS DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU!
BUT, WE'LL TAKE YOU TO THE AMERICAN COMMAND-- YOU'LL HAVE A FAIR TRIAL LATER--!
AND WHAT GOOD DO YOU THINK THAT GUN'LL DO YOU, STORM-TROOPER?

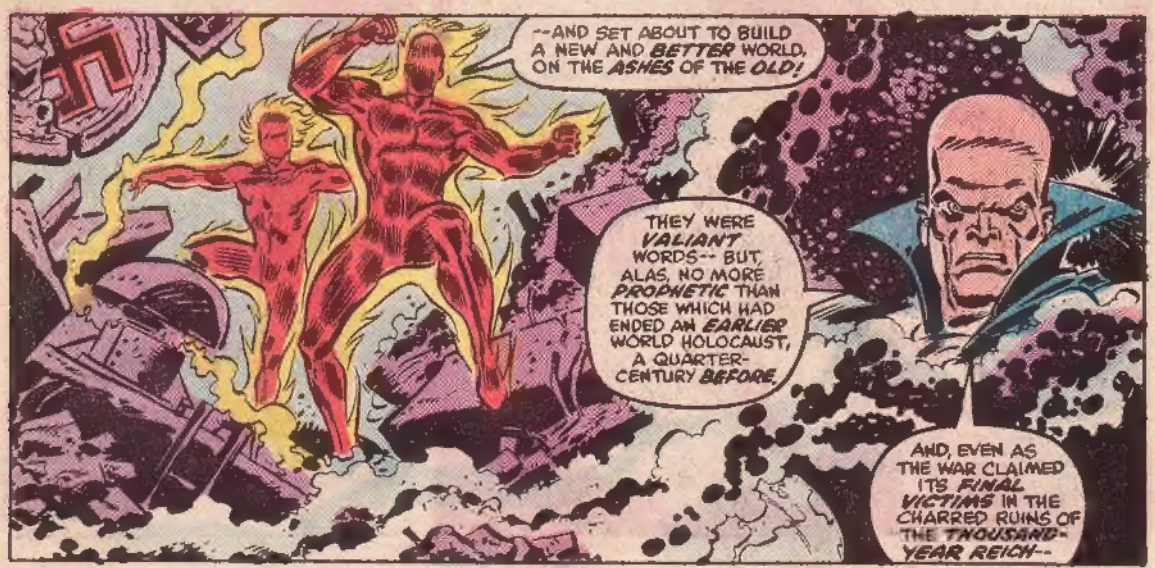
WELL, ADOLF? WHAT SAY? THIS IS YOUR LAST--
NEIN! I WILL NOT BECOME A PRIZE OF WAR!
I WILL END IT ALL-- HERE AND NOW!!

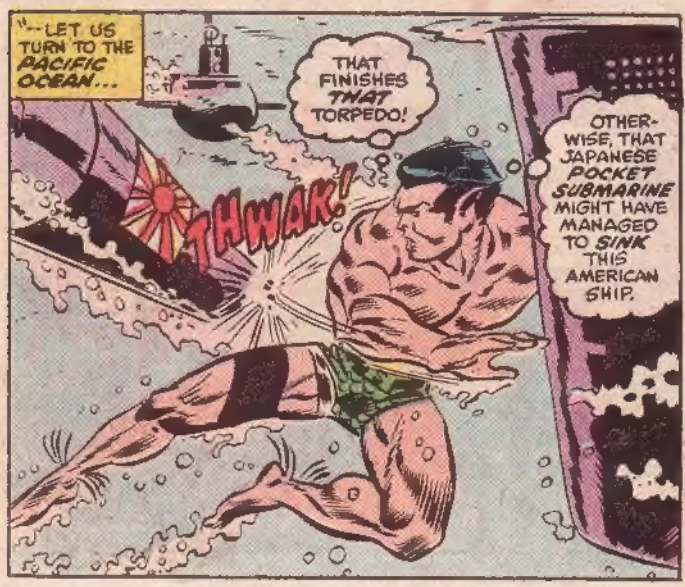

OH NO YOU DON'T!
DAMN HIM! HE LEFT ME NO CHOICE BUT TO BURN HIM.
I'M BETTING THAT FLAMEPROOF BUTTON WOULD HAVE BLOWN US ALL SKY-HIGH-- AND TAKEN WHAT'S LEFT OF BERLIN WITH US!
YOUR PEOPLE HAVE SUFFERED ENOUGH BECAUSE OF YOU, YOU NAZI DEVIL!
AAAA

MEIN FUHRER--!
IF-- IF ONLY I COULD--

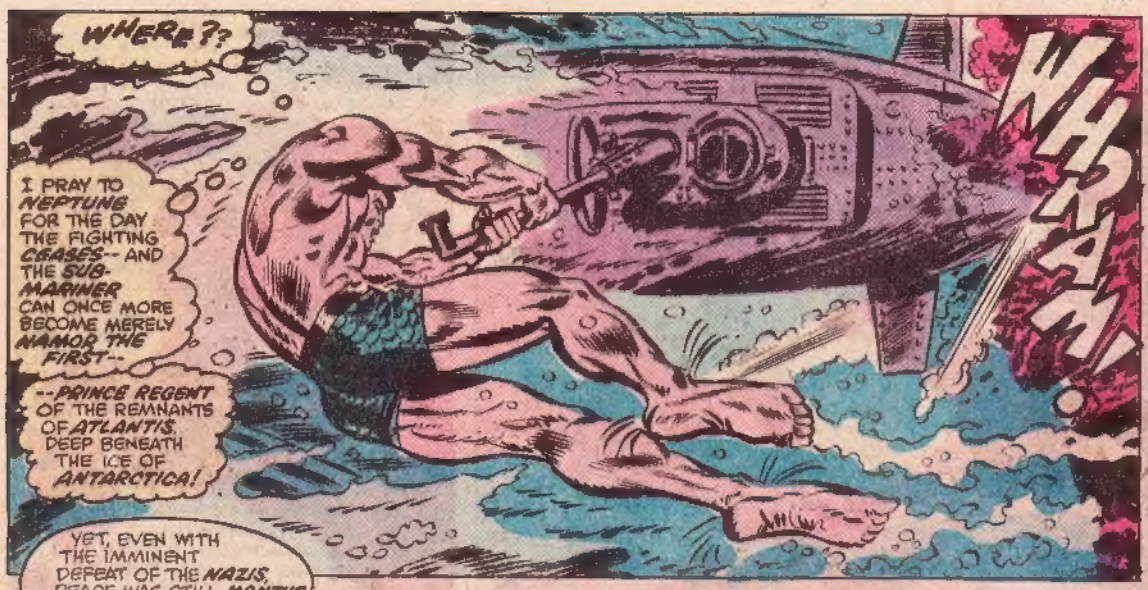

OTTO-- THE H-HUMAN TORCH-- HAS SET ME AFIRE! BUT-- DON'T LET THE WORLD KNOW-- HOW I DIED!
T-TELL THEM-- I COMMITTED SUICIDE
JAWOHL, MEIN FÜHRER!
SIEG HEIL!

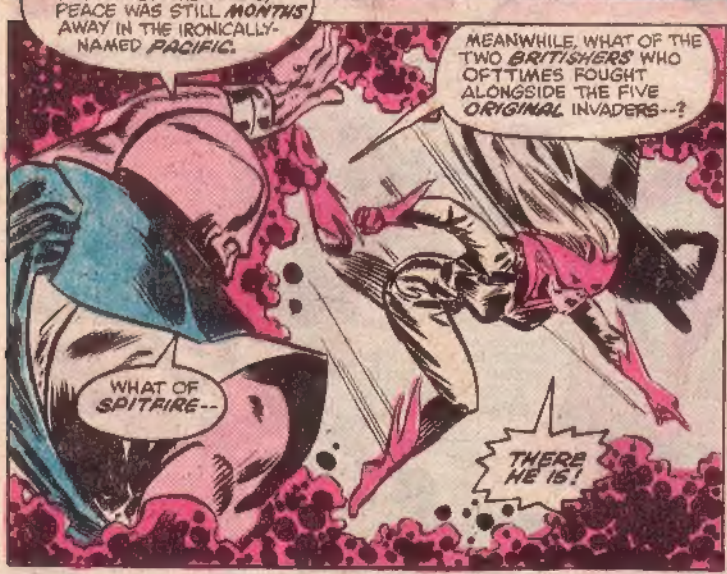
LYING WITH HIS DYING BREATH!
BUT, MAYBE IT'S BEST IF PEOPLE BELIEVE HE TOOK THE COWARD'S WAY OUT.
THEN PERHAPS MEN THE WORLD OVER CAN FORGET THIS SORRY, BLOODY BUSINESS--


--AND SET ABOUT TO BUILD A NEW AND BETTER WORLD, ON THE ASHES OF THE OLD!
THEY WERE VALIANT WORDS-- BUT, ALAS, NO MORE PROPHETIC THAN THOSE WHICH HAD ENDED AN EARLIER WORLD HOLOCAUST, A QUARTER-CENTURY BEFORE.
AND, EVEN AS THE WAR CLAIMED ITS FINAL VICTIMS IN THE CHARRED RUINS OF THE THOUSAND-YEAR REICH--

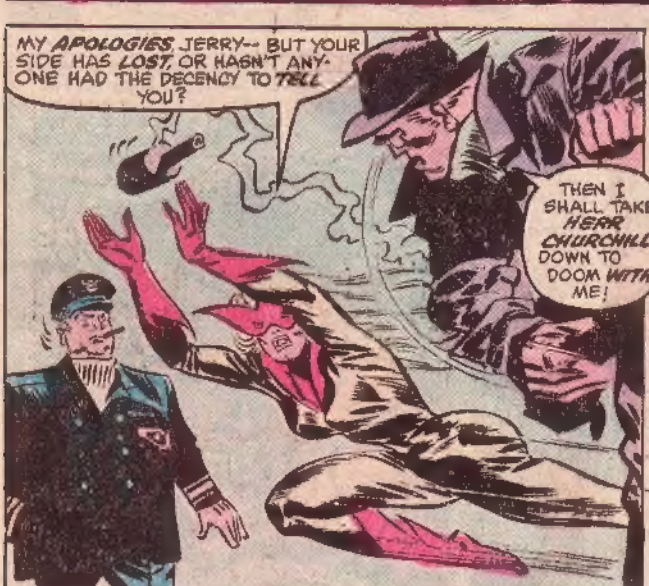

"--LET US TURN TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN...
THWAK!
THAT FINISHES THAT TORPEDO!
OTHERWISE, THAT JAPANESE POCKET SUBMARINE MIGHT HAVE MANAGED TO SINK THIS AMERICAN SHIP.

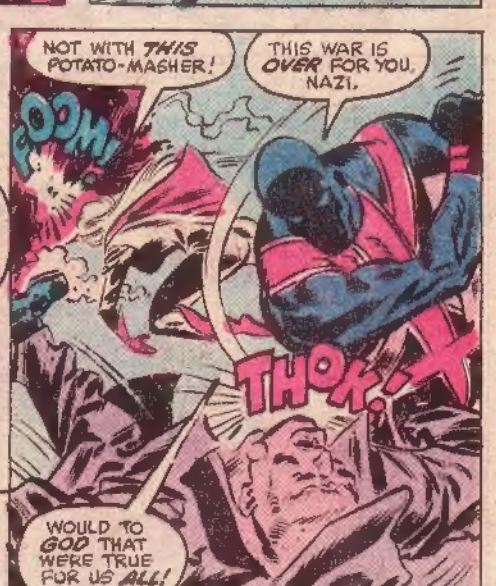
AND SO IT CONTINUES ON ITS WAY-- LADEN WITH DEATH FOR THE JAPANESE HOME ISLANDS.
WHERE WILL THIS MADNESS END?

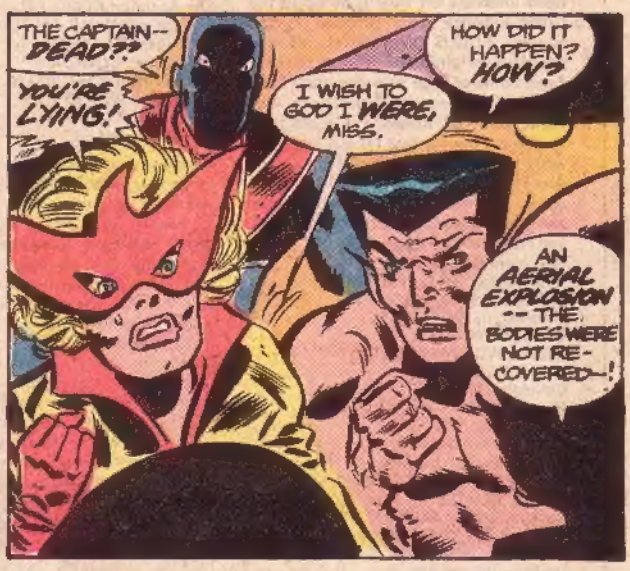

WHERE??
I PRAY TO NEPTUNE FOR THE DAY THE FIGHTING CEASES-- AND THE SUB-MARINER CAN ONCE MORE BECOME MERELY NAMOR THE FIRST--
--PRINCE REGENT OF THE REMNANTS OF ATLANTIS, DEEP BENEATH THE ICE OF ANTARCTICA!
WHRAM!

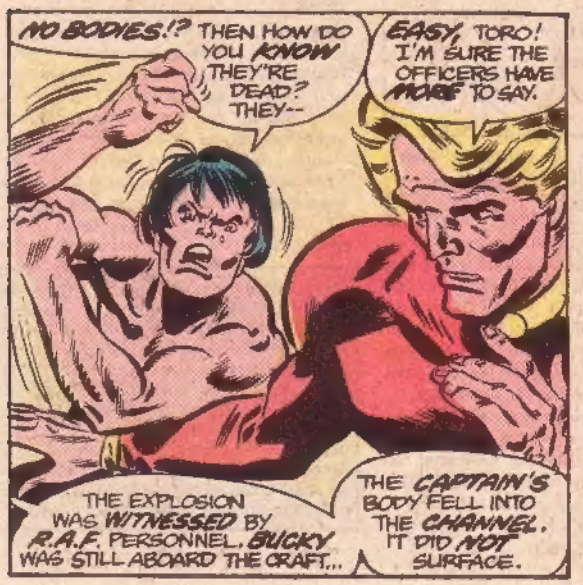

YET, EVEN WITH THE IMMINENT DEFEAT OF THE NAZIS, PEACE WAS STILL MONTHS AWAY IN THE IRONICALLY-NAMED PACIFIC.
MEANWHILE, WHAT OF THE TWO BRITISHERS WHO OFTTIMES FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE FIVE ORIGINAL INVADERS--?
WHAT OF SPITFIRE--
THERE HE IS!

"--AND UNION JACK?*
I SEE HIM!
ATTACK PLAN "B"!
*CONFUSED? SEE TEXT PAGE AT STORY'S END! -- R.T.


MY APOLOGIES, JERRY-- BUT YOUR SIDE HAS LOST, OR HASN'T ANYONE HAD THE DECENCY TO TELL YOU?
THEN I SHALL TAKE HERR CHURCHILL DOWN TO DOOM WITH ME!


NOT WITH THIS POTATO-MASHER!
THIS WAR IS OVER FOR YOU, NAZI.
POOM!
THOK!
WOULD TO GOD THAT WERE TRUE FOR US ALL!



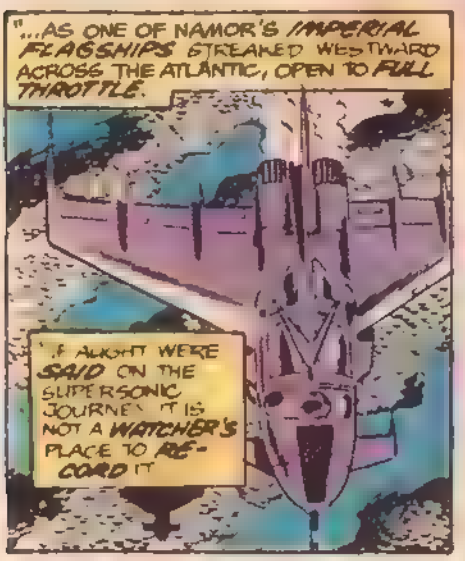


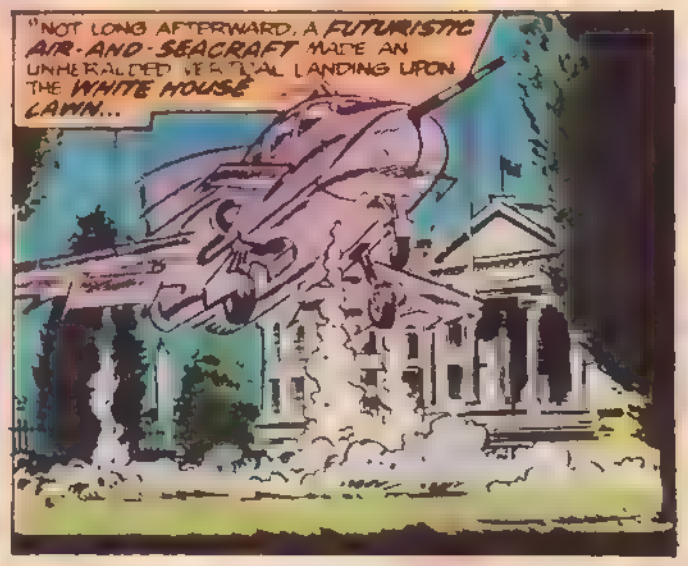
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

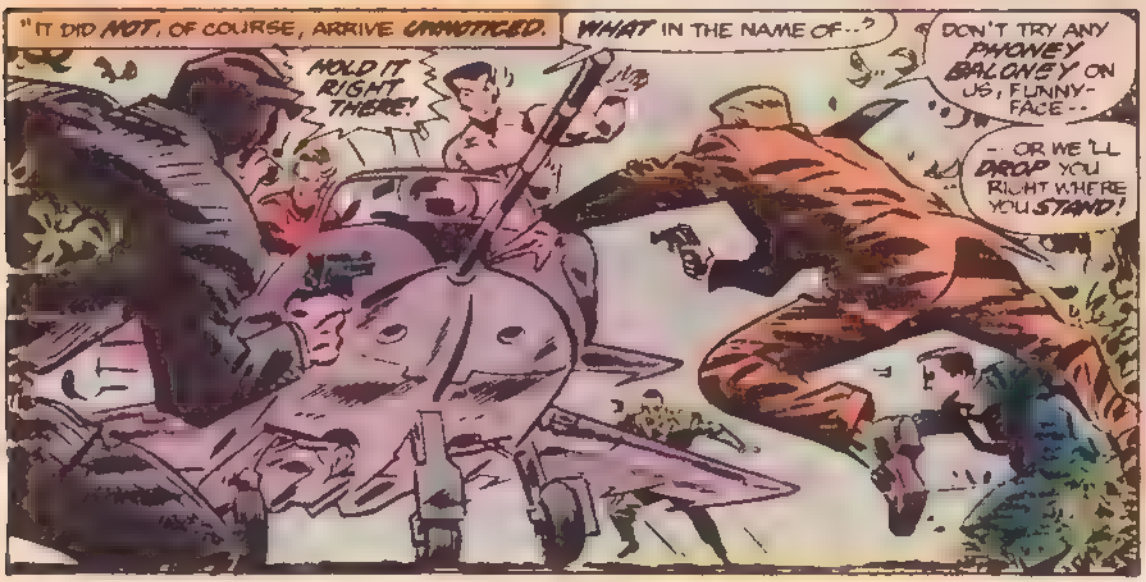
"TO THE TORCHES, A PRESIDENTIAL REQUEST WAS AS GOOD AS A MILITARY ORDER..

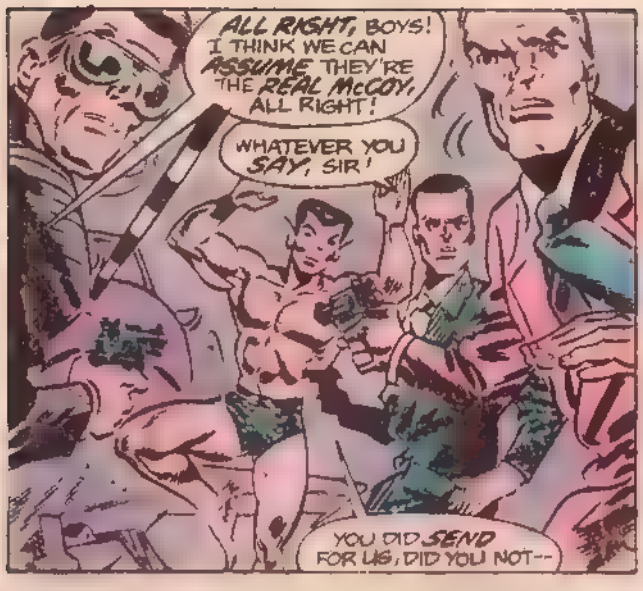
"WHILE THE SUB-MARINER, IF HE HAD ANY SURFACE NATIONALITY AT ALL, WAS LIKEWISE AN AMERICAN.

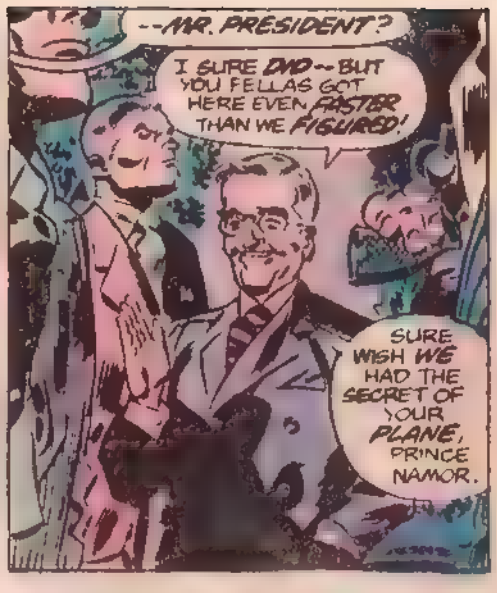
"THUS IT WAS THAT, MINUTES LATER, ONLY TWO OF THE FABLED INVADERS PRESENT REMAINED BEHIND IN EMPRATTLED BRITAIN...

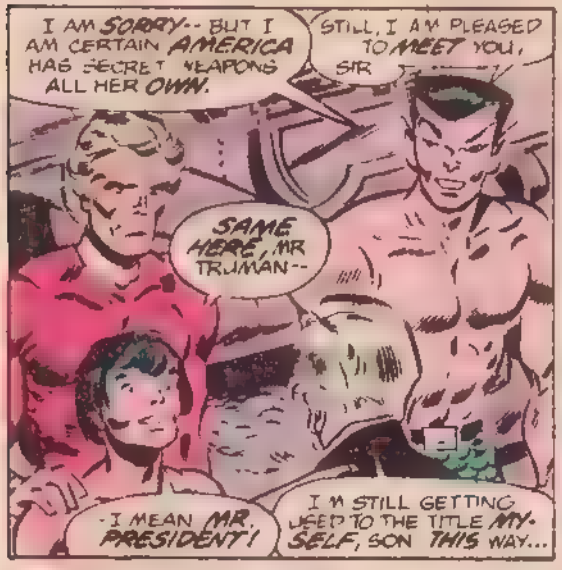


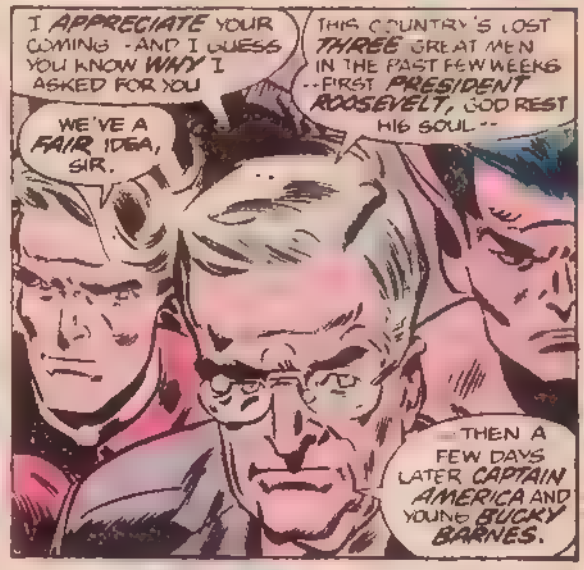




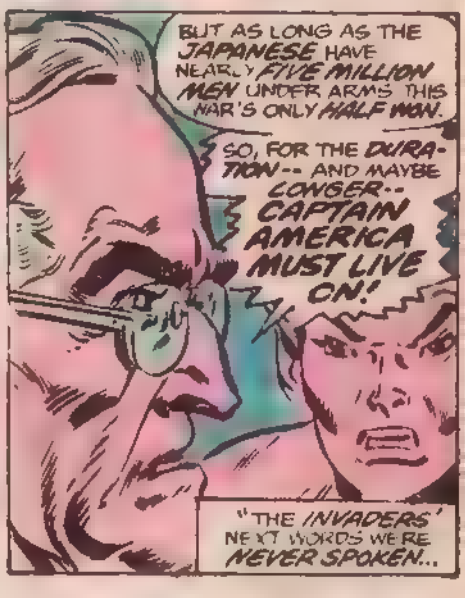

ALL RIGHT, BOYS! I THINK WE CAN ASSUME THEY'RE THE REAL McCOY, ALL RIGHT!
WHATEVER YOU SAY, SIR!
YOU DID SEND FOR US, DID YOU NOT--

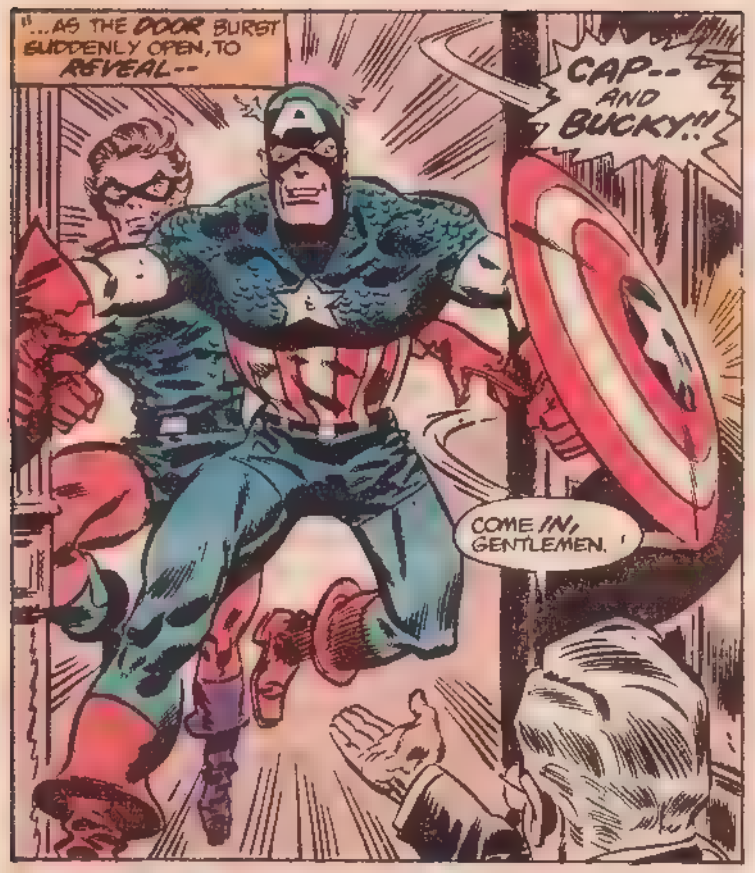

--MR. PRESIDENT?
I SURE DID--BUT YOU FELLAS GOT HERE EVEN FASTER THAN WE FIGURED!
SURE WISH WE HAD THE SECRET OF YOUR PLANE, PRINCE NAMOR.

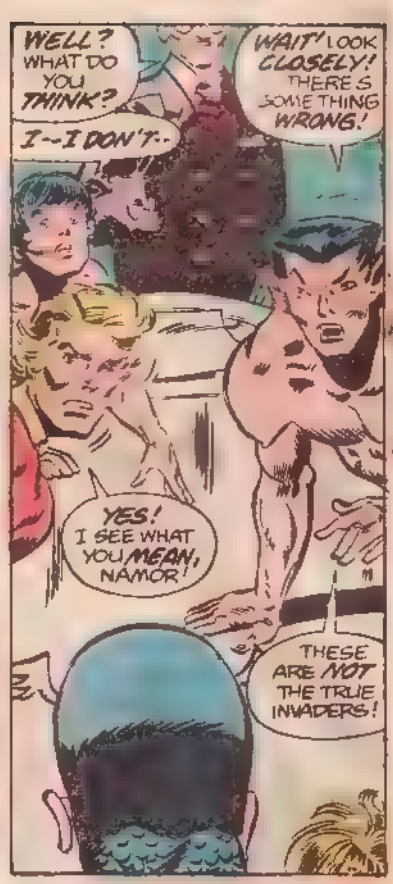

I AM SORRY--BUT I AM CERTAIN AMERICA HAS SECRET WEAPONS ALL HER OWN.
STILL, I AM PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SIR
SAME HERE, MR TRUMAN--
-I MEAN MR. PRESIDENT!
I'M STILL GETTING USED TO THE TITLE MYSELF, SON THIS WAY...


I APPRECIATE YOUR COMING -AND I GUESS YOU KNOW WHY I ASKED FOR YOU
THIS COUNTRY'S LOST THREE GREAT MEN IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS --FIRST PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, GOD REST HIS SOUL--
WE'VE A FAIR IDEA, SIR.
THEN A FEW DAYS LATER CAPTAIN AMERICA AND YOUNG BUCKY BARNES.

SIR MAY I ASK WHY STEVE ROGERS' DEATH IS BEING KEPT A SECRET?
WE UNDERSTAND ONE IRRESPONSIBLE NEWSPAPER --NEW YORK'S DAILY BUGLE-- BROKE THE STORY--
BUT THE GOVERNMENT HAS SINCE DENIED IT'S TRUE!
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.
I DON'T LIKE KEEPING SECRETS. NEVER DID!


BUT AS LONG AS THE JAPANESE HAVE NEARLY FIVE MILLION MEN UNDER ARMS THIS WAR'S ONLY HALF WON.
SO, FOR THE DURATION-- AND MAYBE LONGER-- CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST LIVE ON!
"THE INVADERS' NEXT WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN...

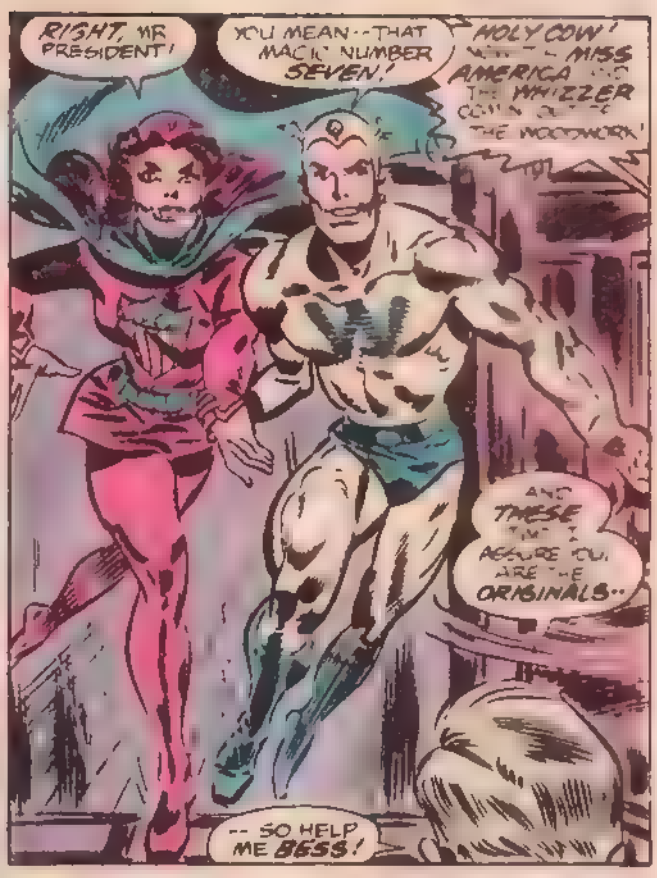

"...AS THE DOOR BURST SUDDENLY OPEN, TO REVEAL--
CAP-- AND BUCKY!!
COME IN, GENTLEMEN.

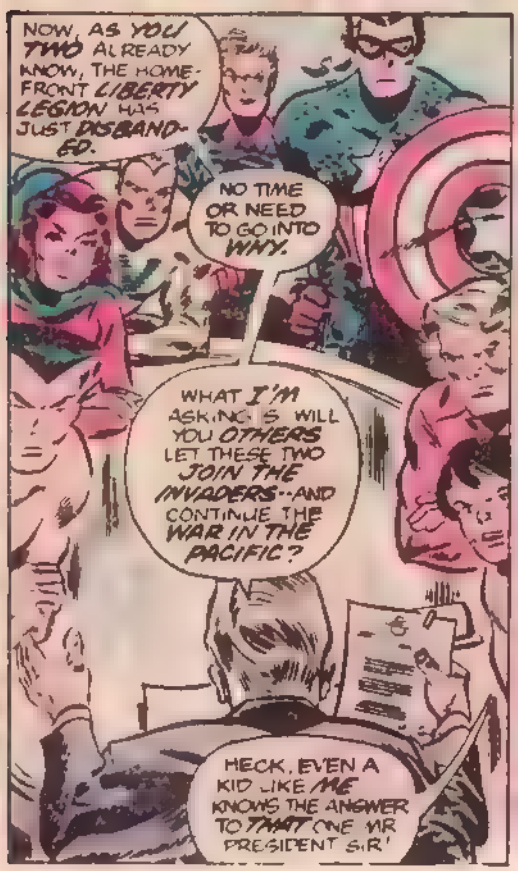

WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I--I DON'T--
WAIT! LOOK CLOSELY! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG!
YES! I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, NAMOR!
THESE ARE NOT THE TRUE INVADERS!

"CAPTAIN AMERICA" HAS NO DIMPLE ON HIS CHIN FOR ONE THING!
AND SINCE WHEN DID BUCKY HAVE BLOND HAIR--AND FRECKLES?
YOU'RE RIGHT, BOYS--AND I'M SORRY FOR THE MOMENTARY DECEPTION.
I JUST WANTED TO SHOW THAT EVEN YOU THREE COULD BE FOOLED, AT LEAST FOR A MOMENT.
YOU MAY UNMASK NOW.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. PRESIDENT.
THAT VOICE! I KNOW THAT VOICE--!

I'M FLATTERED YOU STILL REMEMBER ME, TORCH--SINCE WE MET ONLY BRIEFLY, BACK IN '42 WHEN I WAS ANOTHER MASKED CRUSADER--THE "SPIRIT OF '76"! *
I EVEN WORE MY OLD MASK AND WIG, JUST TO JOG YOUR MEMORIES.
AND I'M FRED DAVIS! IF I LOOK FAMILIAR, IT'S 'CAUSE I PINCH-HIT FOR BUCKY ONCE BEFORE--WHEN I WAS JUST A BATBOY FOR THE NEW YORK YANKEES! **
NOW, INVADERS--MAYBE YOU'RE STARTING TO FIGURE OUT WHY YOU'RE HERE...!
* INVADERS #14-15 AND
** MARVEL PREMIERE #30--ROY (TWICE).

"IT'S NO SECRET,' SAID PRESIDENT [redacted], 'THAT THE INVADERS WERE THE ALLIES ACE IN THE HOLE FROM LATE 1941 ON. SEVEN OF YOU, BY MID-'42, JOINED BY OTHERS FROM TIME TO TIME...
"YOU SEVEN WERE THE CORE, THOUGH - A FIGHTING UNIT SECOND TO NONE-- PAST, PRESENT OR PROBABLY FUTURE!
"WELL, MUSSOLINI FELL IN '43-- AND THE NAZI SWASTIKA'S CRUMBLING RIGHT THIS MINUTE--'





TURN TO NEXT PAGE

"NOR WAS THAT CRY TO BE HEARD ONLY IN THE *OVAL OFFICE* IN THAT TROUBLED YEAR

"OFTEN, THE SEVEN INVADERS FOUGHT *TOGETHER* BRINGING THE WAR TO THE ENEMY'S *HOMELAND,* IN AN EFFORT TO FORCE HIM TO *SURRENDER.*

"BUT, JUST AS OFTEN, THEY FOUGHT *SEPARATELY*-- THE NEW *'CAPTAIN AMERICA'* PROVING THAT EVEN A *MAKE-SHIFT* SHIELD COULD STAND IN FOR HIS EARLIER *BULLET-PROOF CLOAK...*

...AND *BUCKY THE 2ND* AMPLY DEMONSTRATED THAT HE HAD BEEN *WELL CHOSEN.*

"NOT LONG BEFORE *MISS AMERICA* AND THE *WHIZZER* HAD ENDURED A *LOVE/HATE* RELATIONSHIP WHICH HAD MADE COOPERATION DIFFICULT...

"YET NOW, THEY TURNED HER POWER OF *FLIGHT* AND HIS MONGOOSE-GIVEN *SUPER-SPEED* INTO WEAPONS AGAINST A COMMON, INCREASINGLY DESPERATE *FOE...*

"IN THE *END*, THEY KNEW THIS WOULD SAVE *JAPANESE* LIVES AS WELL AS THOSE OF [illegible]

"...WHILE ON THE *OUTER* ISLANDS

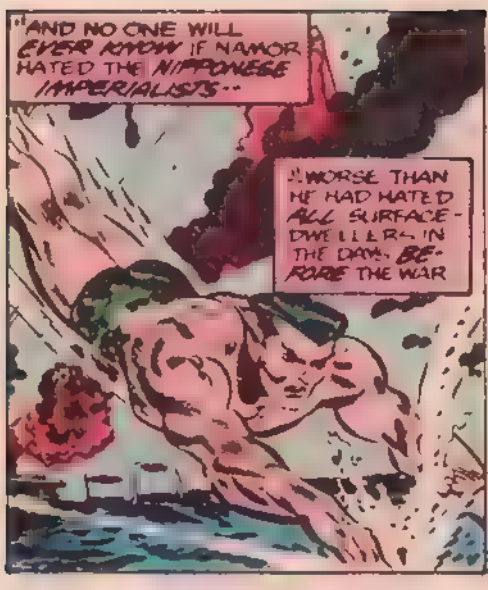
"THE *TORCHES* PAVED THE WAY FOR *ALLIED LANDINGS*.

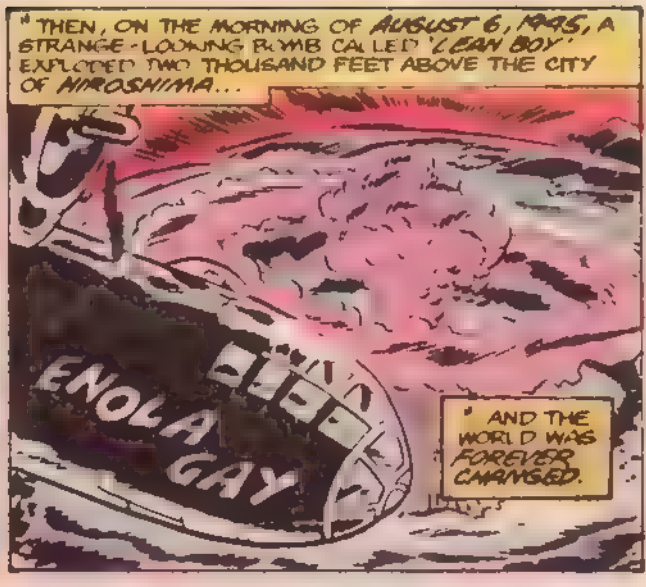
"STILL, THEY HAD HEARD THE EST MATES: *HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS* MIGHT DIE ON BOTH SIDES IN THE TAKING OF THE *HOME ISLANDS*.

"THERE WERE ALSO THE DREADED *KAMIKAZE PLANES*--

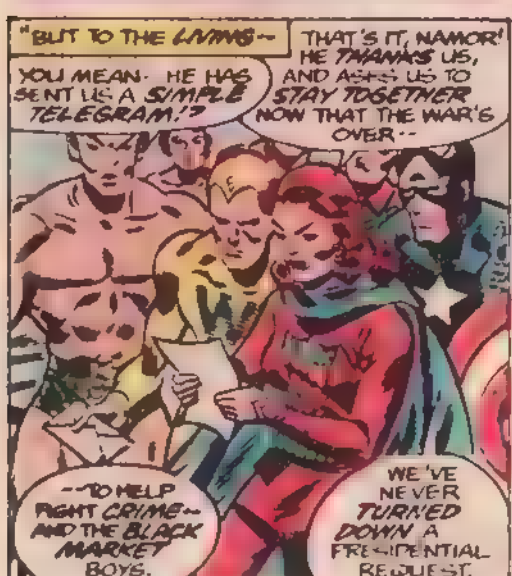
"--WHICH MIGHT HAVE WREAKED EVEN *GREATER* HAVOC ON AMERICAN AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, IF NOT FOR THE NEWLY--DEVELOPED *PROXIMITY FUSE*--

"--AND THE RAMPAGING, NEARLY INDESTRUCTIBLE *SUB-MARINER*.

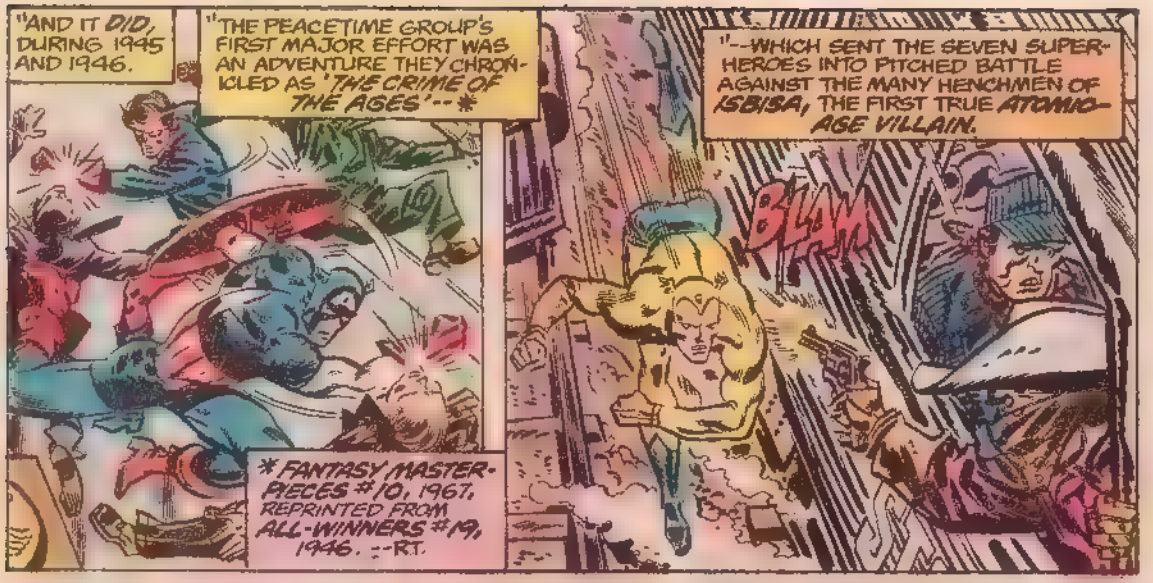

"AND NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW IF NAMOR HATED THE NIPPONESE IMPERIALISTS--
"WORSE THAN HE HAD HATED ALL SURFACE-DWELLERS IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE WAR

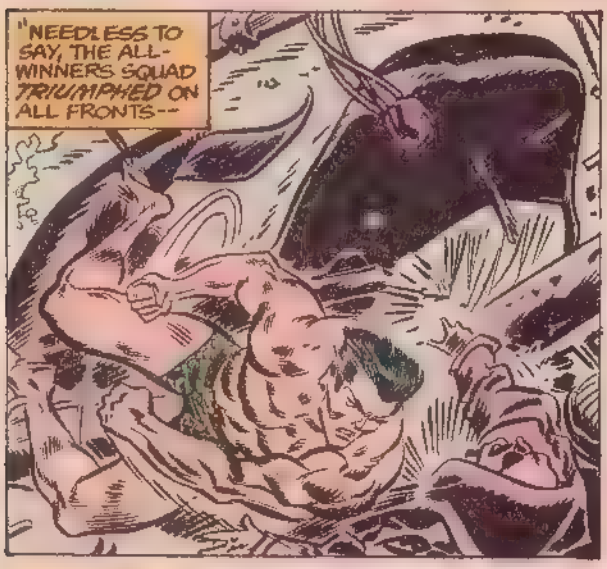

"THEN, ON THE MORNING OF AUGUST 6, 1945, A STRANGE-LOOKING BOMB CALLED 'LEAN BOY' EXPLODED TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE CITY OF HIROSHIMA...
ENOLA GAY
" AND THE WORLD WAS FOREVER CHANGED.

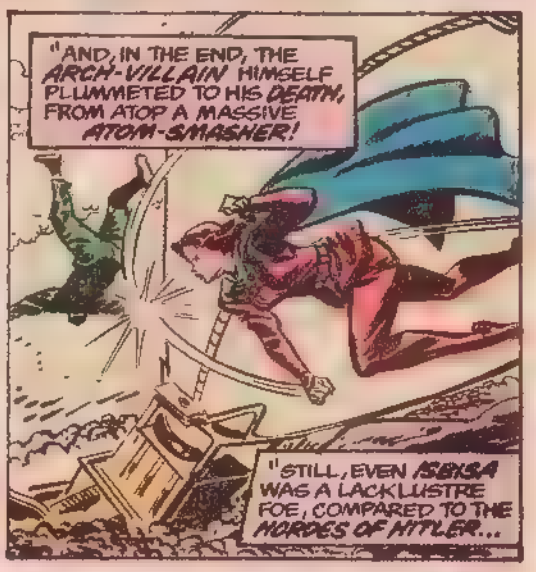
"A SECOND ATOMIC EXPLOSION LEVELED MUCH OF NAGASAKI THREE DAYS LATER.
"AND ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 2--ABOARD THE U.S.S. MISSOURI, FLAGSHIP OF AMERICA'S PACIFIC FLEET THE FINAL DOCUMENT OF UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER WAS SIGNED.
"TO THE 30 MILLION MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WHO HAD PERISHED ON BOTH SIDES, IT MADE LITTLE DIFFERENCE


"BUT TO THE LIVING--
THAT'S IT, NAMOR! HE THANKS US, AND ASKS US TO STAY TOGETHER NOW THAT THE WAR'S OVER--
YOU MEAN HE HAS SENT US A SIMPLE TELEGRAM!?
--TO HELP FIGHT CRIME--AND THE BLACK MARKET BOYS.
WE'VE NEVER TURNED DOWN A PRESIDENTIAL REQUEST.

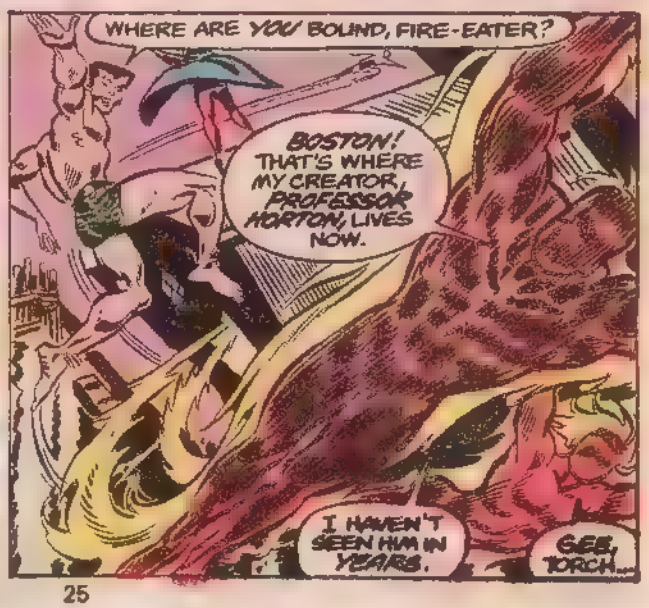
AND I VOTE WE DON'T START NOW!
CHECK!
I TOO WILL STAY--AT LEAST FOR THE PRESENT BUT, OUR NAME--THE "INVADERS"!
--IS OBSOLETE NOW! HE SUGGESTS A NEW ONE
--THE ALL-WINNERS SQUAD!
NOT TOO EUPHONIOUS--BUT I GUESS IT'LL DO.

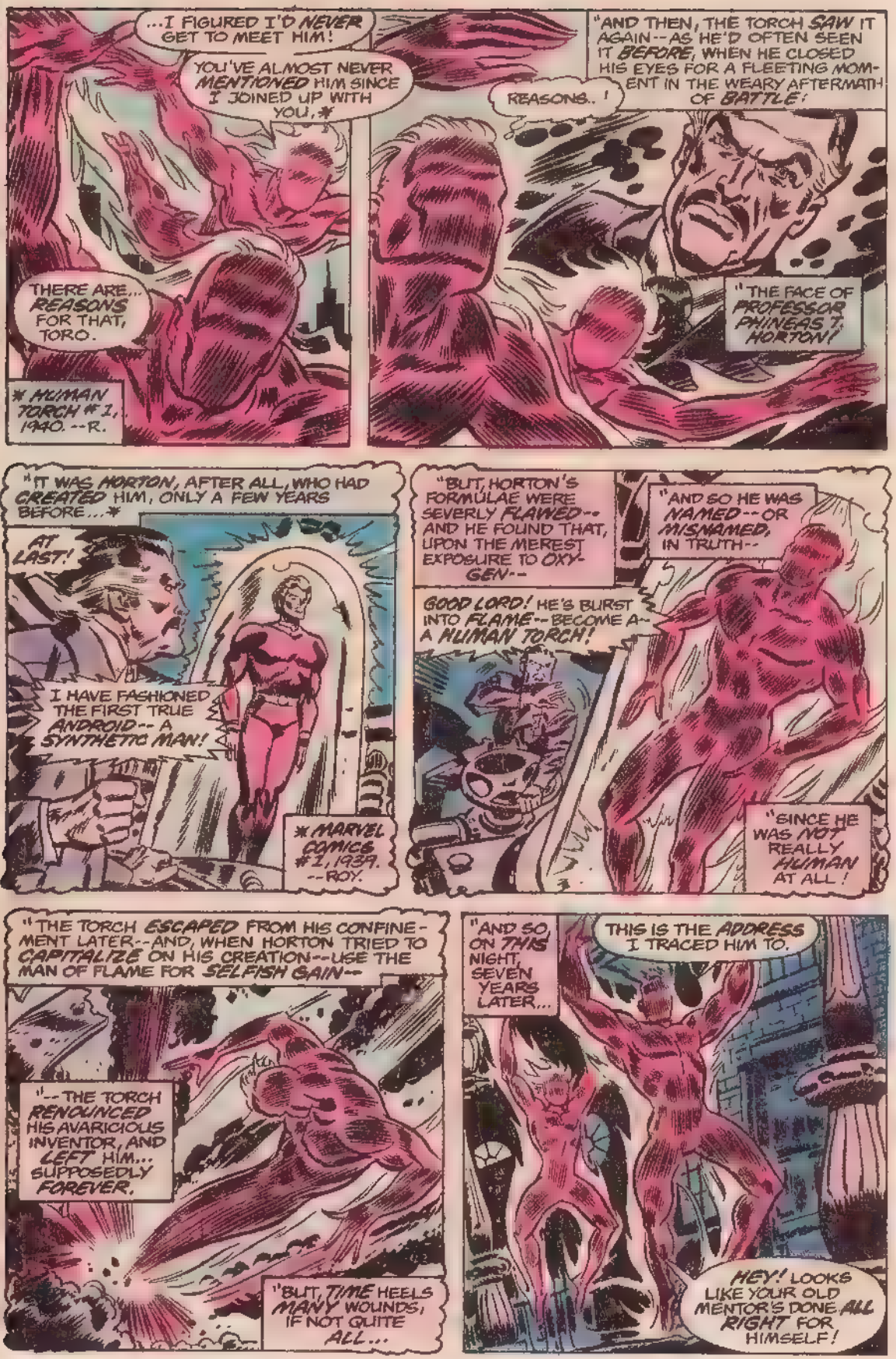

"AND IT DID, DURING 1945 AND 1946.
"THE PEACETIME GROUP'S FIRST MAJOR EFFORT WAS AN ADVENTURE THEY CHRONICLED AS 'THE CRIME OF THE AGES'--*
"--WHICH SENT THE SEVEN SUPER-HEROES INTO PITCHED BATTLE AGAINST THE MANY HENCHMEN OF ISBISA, THE FIRST TRUE ATOMIC-AGE VILLAIN.
BLAM
* FANTASY MASTERPIECES #10, 1967, REPRINTED FROM ALL-WINNERS #19, 1946. --R.T.

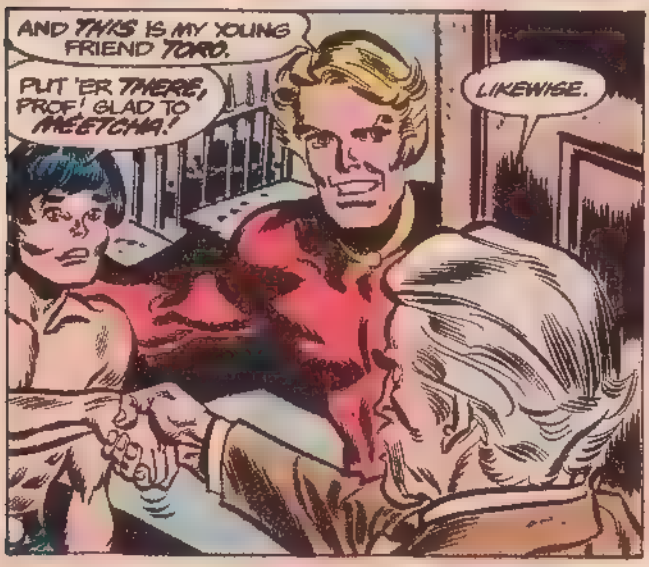

"NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE ALL-WINNERS SQUAD TRIUMPHED ON ALL FRONTS--

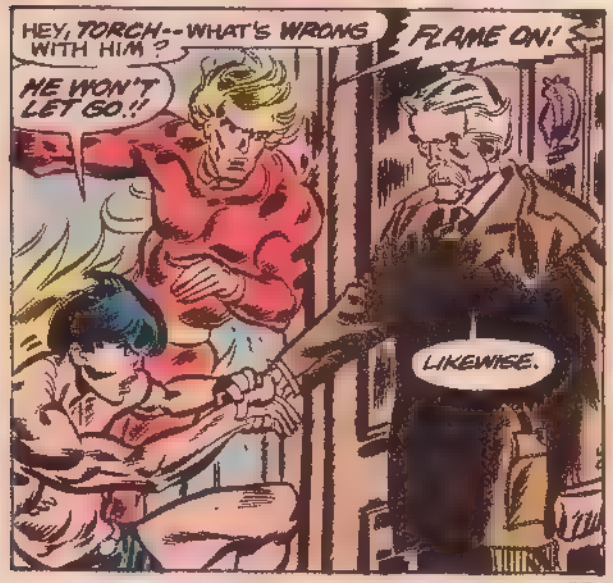

"AND, IN THE END, THE ARCH-VILLAIN HIMSELF PLUMMETED TO HIS DEATH, FROM ATOP A MASSIVE ATOM-SMASHER!
"STILL, EVEN ISBISA WAS A LACKLUSTRE FOE, COMPARED TO THE HORDES OF HITLER...

"THUS, ONE DAY IN 1946..
I MUST RETURN HOME FOR A TIME
MY PEOPLE NEED ME.
A NICE LONG VACATION WOULD DO US ALL GOOD
IT'S SETTLED, THEN!

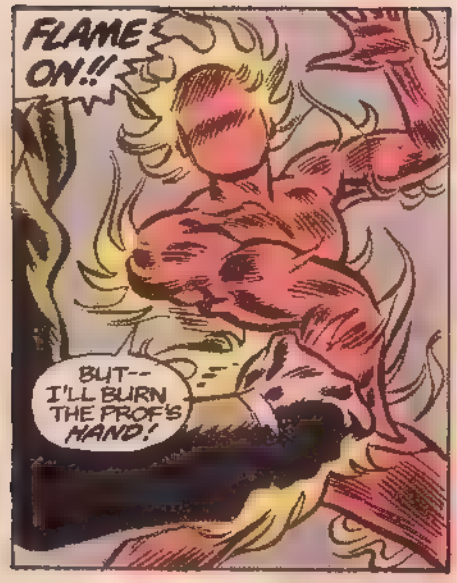

WHERE ARE YOU BOUND, FIRE-EATER?
BOSTON! THAT'S WHERE MY CREATOR, PROFESSOR HORTON, LIVES NOW.
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN YEARS.
GEE, TORCH...


...I FIGURED I'D NEVER GET TO MEET HIM!
YOU'VE ALMOST NEVER MENTIONED HIM SINCE I JOINED UP WITH YOU,*
THERE ARE... REASONS FOR THAT, TORO.
* HUMAN TORCH #1, 1940. --R.
"AND THEN, THE TORCH SAW IT AGAIN--AS HE'D OFTEN SEEN IT BEFORE, WHEN HE CLOSED HIS EYES FOR A FLEETING MOMENT IN THE WEARY AFTERMATH OF BATTLE:
REASONS..!
"THE FACE OF PROFESSOR PHINEAS T. HORTON!
"IT WAS HORTON, AFTER ALL, WHO HAD CREATED HIM, ONLY A FEW YEARS BEFORE...*
AT LAST!
I HAVE FASHIONED THE FIRST TRUE ANDROID--A SYNTHETIC MAN!
* MARVEL COMICS #1, 1939. --ROY.
"BUT, HORTON'S FORMULAE WERE SEVERLY FLAWED--AND HE FOUND THAT, UPON THE MEREST EXPOSURE TO OXYGEN--
GOOD LORD! HE'S BURST INTO FLAME--BECOME A--A HUMAN TORCH!
"AND SO HE WAS NAMED--OR MISNAMED, IN TRUTH--
"SINCE HE WAS NOT REALLY HUMAN AT ALL!
"THE TORCH ESCAPED FROM HIS CONFINEMENT LATER--AND, WHEN HORTON TRIED TO CAPITALIZE ON HIS CREATION--USE THE MAN OF FLAME FOR SELFISH GAIN--
"--THE TORCH RENOUNCED HIS AVARICIOUS INVENTOR, AND LEFT HIM... SUPPOSEDLY FOREVER.
"BUT, TIME HEELS MANY WOUNDS, IF NOT QUITE ALL...
"AND SO, ON THIS NIGHT, SEVEN YEARS LATER...
THIS IS THE ADDRESS I TRACED HIM TO.
HEY! LOOKS LIKE YOUR OLD MENTOR'S DONE ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF!



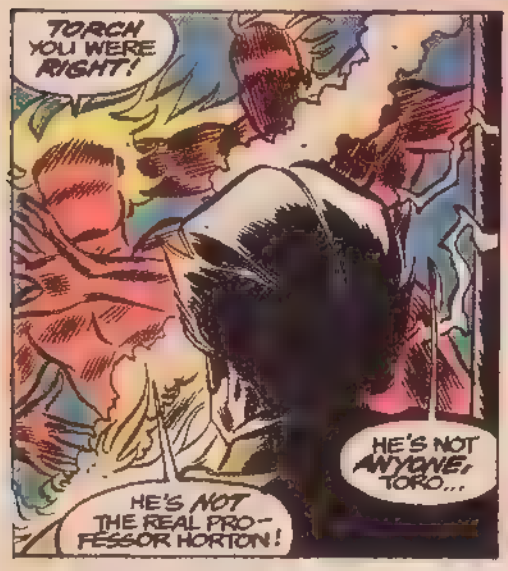


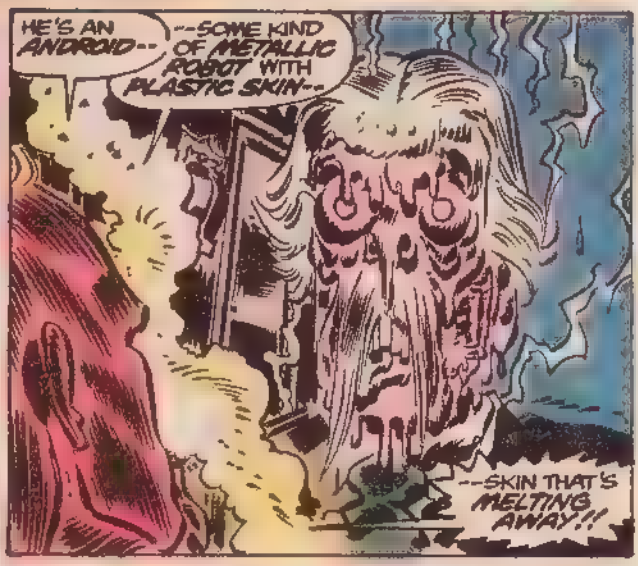
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

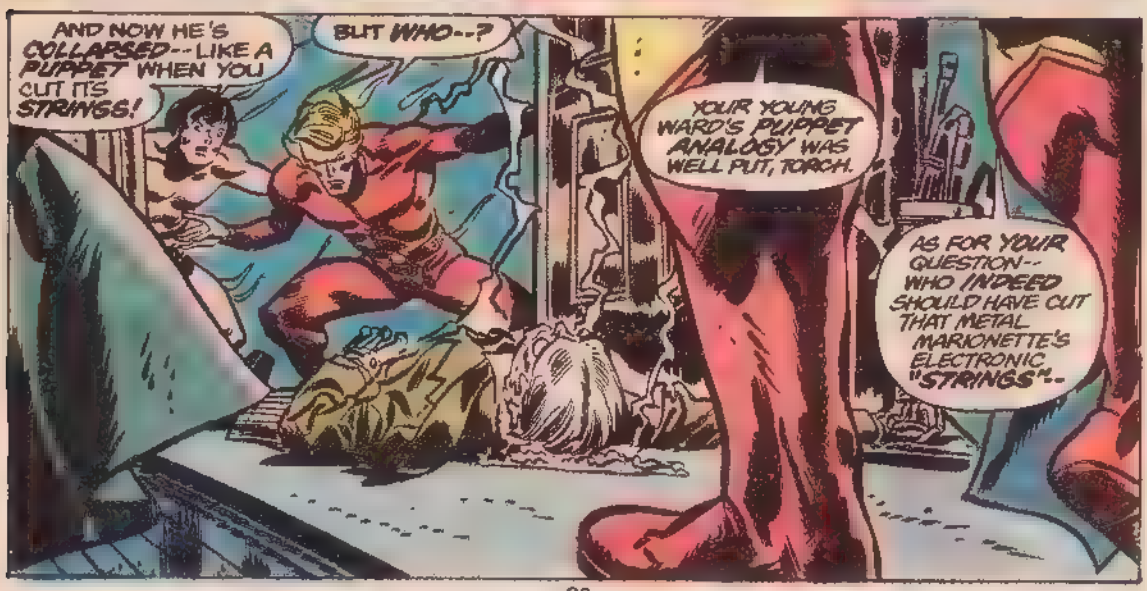

FLAME ON!!
BUT-- I'LL BURN THE PROF'S HAND!

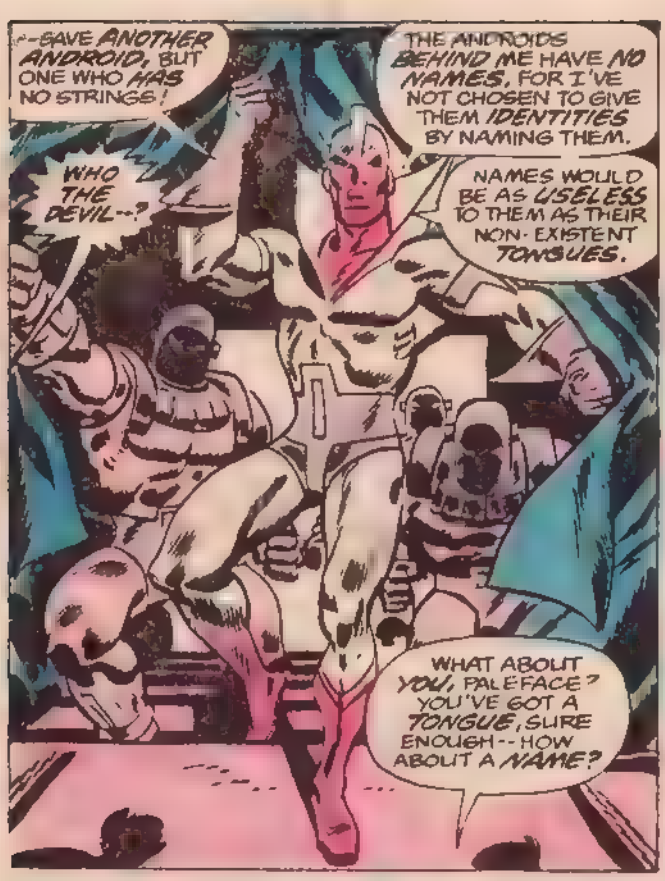
I'LL--

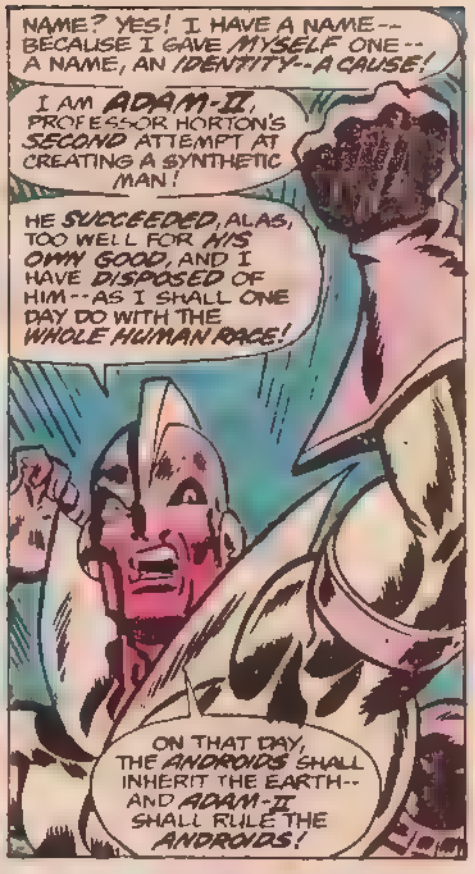
HOLY COW!


TORCH YOU WERE RIGHT!
HE'S NOT ANYONE, TORO...
HE'S NOT THE REAL PROFESSOR HORTON!

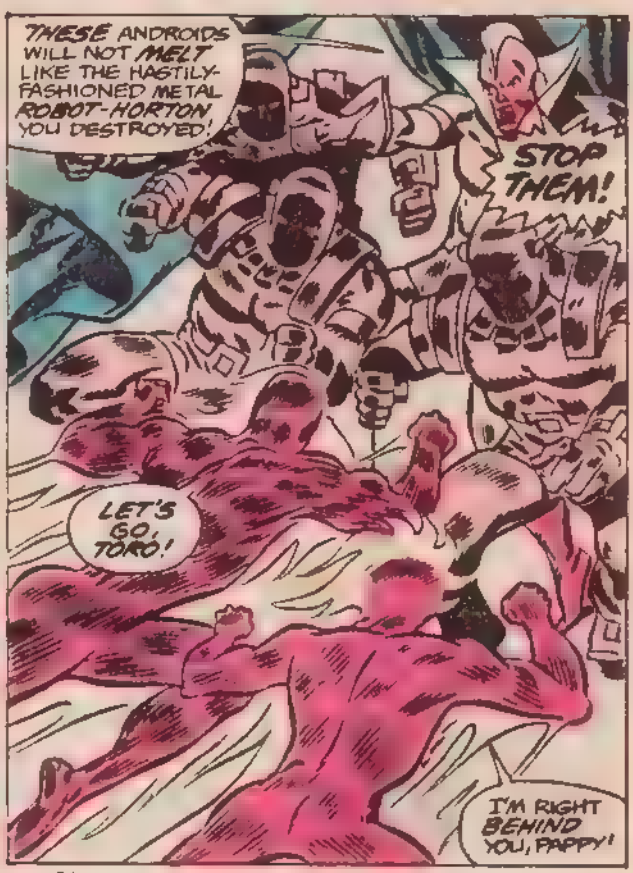

HE'S AN ANDROID--
--SOME KIND OF METALLIC ROBOT WITH PLASTIC SKIN--
--SKIN THAT'S MELTING AWAY!!


AND NOW HE'S COLLAPSED--LIKE A PUPPET WHEN YOU CUT ITS STRINGS!
BUT WHO--?
YOUR YOUNG WARD'S PUPPET ANALOGY WAS WELL PUT, TORCH.
AS FOR YOUR QUESTION-- WHO INDEED SHOULD HAVE CUT THAT METAL MARIONETTE'S ELECTRONIC "STRINGS"--


--SAVE ANOTHER ANDROID, BUT ONE WHO HAS NO STRINGS!
THE ANDROIDS BEHIND ME HAVE NO NAMES, FOR I'VE NOT CHOSEN TO GIVE THEM IDENTITIES BY NAMING THEM.
WHO THE DEVIL--?
NAMES WOULD BE AS USELESS TO THEM AS THEIR NON-EXISTENT TONGUES.
WHAT ABOUT YOU, PALEFACE? YOU'VE GOT A TONGUE, SURE ENOUGH--HOW ABOUT A NAME?


NAME? YES! I HAVE A NAME--BECAUSE I GAVE MYSELF ONE--A NAME, AN IDENTITY--A CAUSE!
I AM ADAM-II, PROFESSOR HORTON'S SECOND ATTEMPT AT CREATING A SYNTHETIC MAN!
HE SUCCEEDED, ALAS, TOO WELL FOR HIS OWN GOOD, AND I HAVE DISPOSED OF HIM--AS I SHALL ONE DAY DO WITH THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE!
ON THAT DAY, THE ANDROIDS SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH--AND ADAM-II SHALL RULE THE ANDROIDS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WRITE US A NOVEL, FRIEND; WE GET THE PICTURE.
ORDINARILY, I'D WELCOME THE THOUGHT OF MORE ANDROIDS--BUT RIGHT NOW--WHERE IS PROFESSOR HORTON??
WHAT SHOULD YOU CARE? YOU ARE NO MORE HUMAN THAN I!
THAT'S OPEN TO QUESTION.
KEEP BACK, YOU DEFECTIVELY-DESIGNED FOOL--!
DO YOU THINK I'D ALLOW AN OBSOLESCENT MODEL LIKE YOURSELF TO RUIN MY PLANS?


THESE ANDROIDS WILL NOT MELT LIKE THE HASTILY-FASHIONED METAL ROBOT-HORTON YOU DESTROYED!
STOP THEM!
LET'S GO, TORO!
I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, PAPPY!

HEY! WE'RE IN LUCK!

ROGER! THESE ANDROIDS MAY NOT MELT--

--BUT HEAT-BLASTS STILL FORCE THEM BACK-- AND THEY'RE TOO SLOW TO AVOID A GOOD RIGHT CROSS!

GOOD THING THEY'RE MADE OF A RUBBERY KIND OF SYNTHETIC, THOUGH, INSTEAD OF STEEL!

NOW WHERE'S YOUR KID BROTHER?

WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT, SON!

HE RAN DOWN THESE STAIRS!

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! AGREE TO JOIN MY ANDROID CRUSADE AGAINST HUMANITY, OR--

HE'S BEHIND THAT WALL!

AND THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'LL BE!

--IN ABOUT TWO SECONDS!!

SSSSSS

METAL RUNS LIKE HOT BUTTER BEFORE THE THOUSANDS OF DEGREES GENERATED BY THE TWO TORCHES' DYNAMICALLY DIFFERENT BODIES--

YET, BOTH PROVE EQUALLY VULNERABLE THE NEXT INSTANT, WHEN--

TORCH! WATER!!

IT WAS--A TRAP!

THE FANTASTIC PRESSURE OF THE WATER FORCES THE NOW-FLAMELESS PAIR AGAINST THE FAR WALL--

--SLAMMING THEM INTO MOMENTARY OBLIVION!

IT MIGHT BE MINUTES, HOURS, OR EVEN DAYS LATER WHEN THEY AWAKEN--WATER-LOGGED AND WEARY, WITHIN A NEARLY EMPTY TANK...

WOW! MY HEAD FEELS LIKE-- HEY, TORCH!

THEY TOSSED THAT HORTON ROBOT IN WITH US!

R-ROBOT?

THAT'S NO ROBOT'S VOICE, TORO!

IT'S THE REAL HORTON!

T-TORCH! YOU'VE COME BACK! I'VE PRAYED THAT--

WHAT'S YOUR MAD CREATION UP TO, PROFESSOR?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK ME THAT, MY FRIEND...?

I COULD TELL YOU THE FIRST STEP IN MY MASTER PLAN-- BUT I CHOOSE NOT TO.

AFTER ALL, OF WHAT USE WOULD SUCH KNOWLEDGE BE--

--TO DROWNING MEN AND ANDROIDS?

SPUTTER!

HELP THE PROFESSOR, LAD!

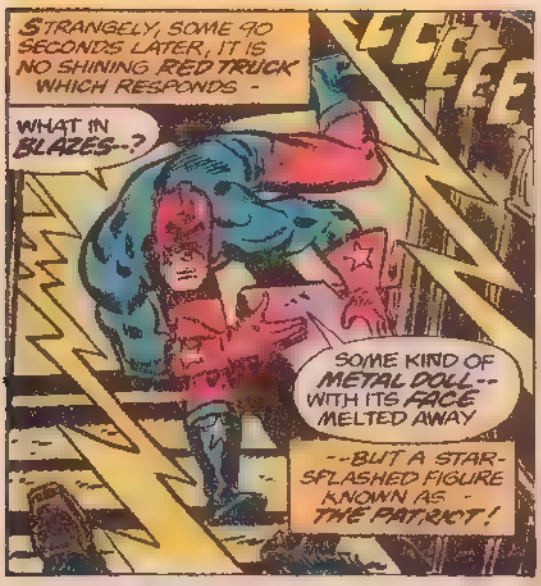
LUCKILY, THE SPOUTING WATER MISSED MY ARMS AND TORSO!

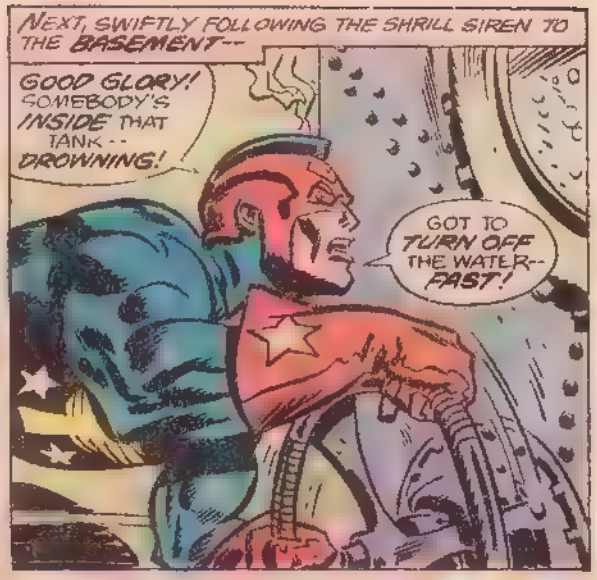
YEAH, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET UP ENOUGH STEAM TO MELT THIS TANK IN TIME--!

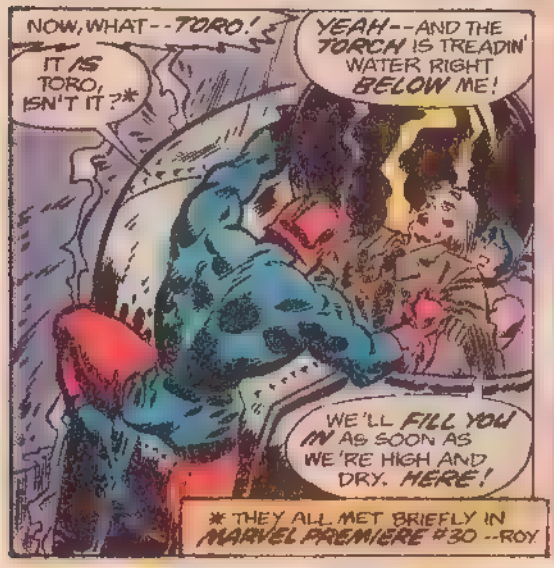
I DON'T NEED TO MELT THEM-- ONLY HEAT THEM UP--

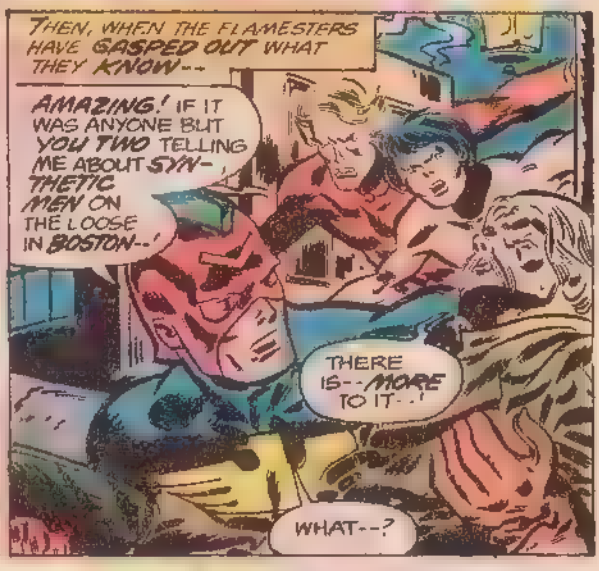
--AND HOPE THAT HORTON'S FIRE ALARM, WHICH I NOTICED BEFORE, DOES THE REST!

NOW, IF ONLY THE BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT IS ON THE BALL--!

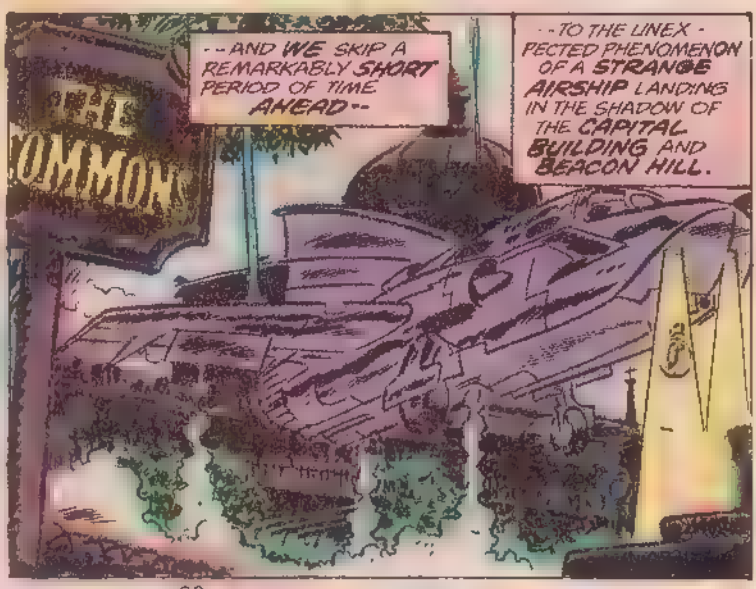

STRANGELY, SOME 90 SECONDS LATER, IT IS NO SHINING RED TRUCK WHICH RESPONDS -
WHAT IN BLAZES--?
SOME KIND OF METAL DOLL-- WITH ITS FACE MELTED AWAY
--BUT A STAR-SPLASHED FIGURE KNOWN AS - THE PATRIOT!

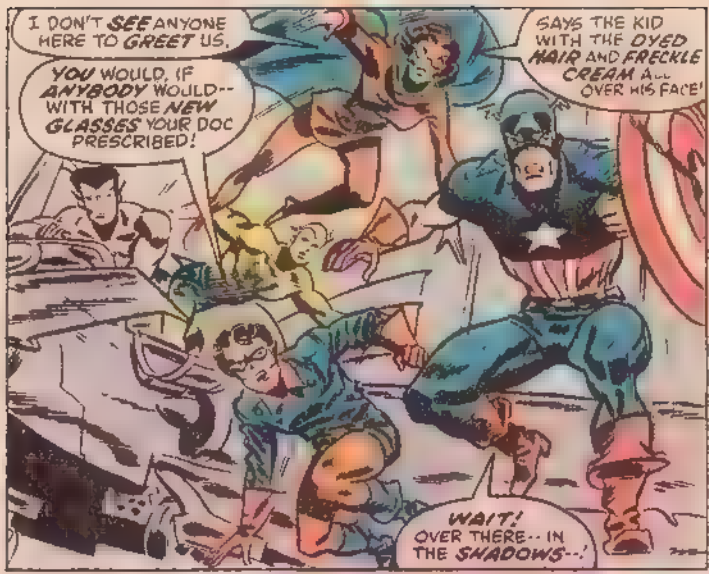

NEXT, SWIFTLY FOLLOWING THE SHRILL SIREN TO THE BASEMENT--
GOOD GLORY! SOMEBODY'S INSIDE THAT TANK -- DROWNING!
GOT TO TURN OFF THE WATER-- FAST!

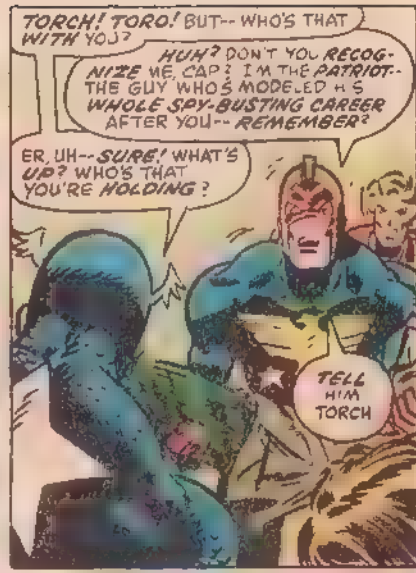

NOW, WHAT--TORO!
IT IS TORO, ISN'T IT?*
YEAH--AND THE TORCH IS TREADIN' WATER RIGHT BELOW ME!
WE'LL FILL YOU IN AS SOON AS WE'RE HIGH AND DRY. HERE!
* THEY ALL MET BRIEFLY IN MARVEL PREMIERE #30 --ROY

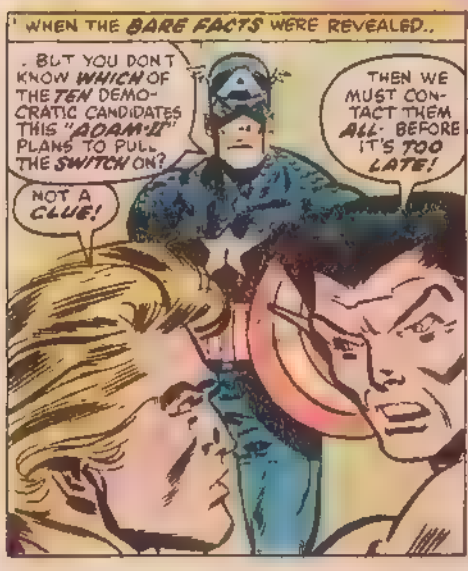

THEN, WHEN THE FLAMESTERS HAVE GASPED OUT WHAT THEY KNOW--
AMAZING! IF IT WAS ANYONE BUT YOU TWO TELLING ME ABOUT SYNTHETIC MEN ON THE LOOSE IN BOSTON--!
THERE IS--MORE TO IT--!
WHAT--?

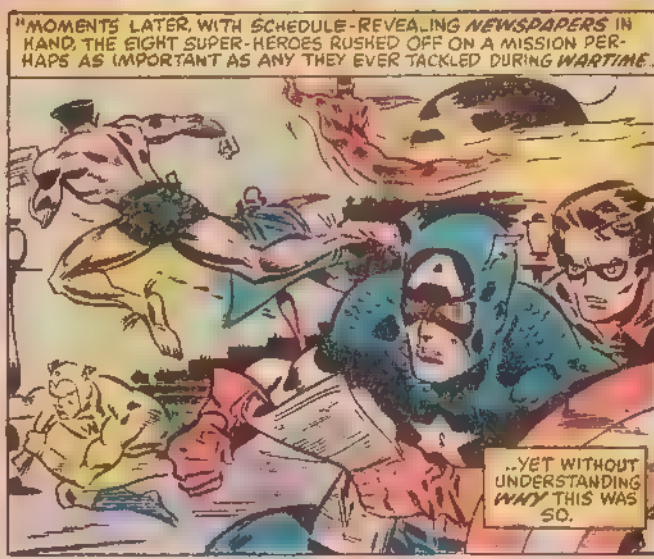
I DON'T KNOW WHY--BUT ADAM-II PLANS TO SUBSTITUTE STILL ANOTHER ROBOT--FOR SOME LOCAL POLITICIAN--
--SOMEONE RUNNING FOR CONGRESS! NOT SURE WHO--!
HORTON PAUSES FOR AN INTAKE OF BREATH--

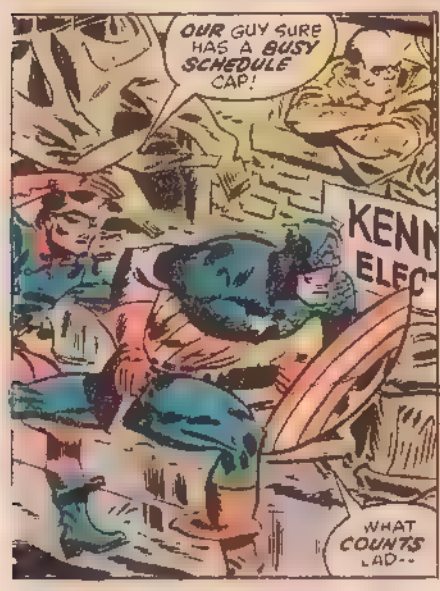

--AND WE SKIP A REMARKABLY SHORT PERIOD OF TIME AHEAD--
--TO THE UNEXPECTED PHENOMENON OF A STRANGE AIRSHIP LANDING IN THE SHADOW OF THE CAPITAL BUILDING AND BEACON HILL.

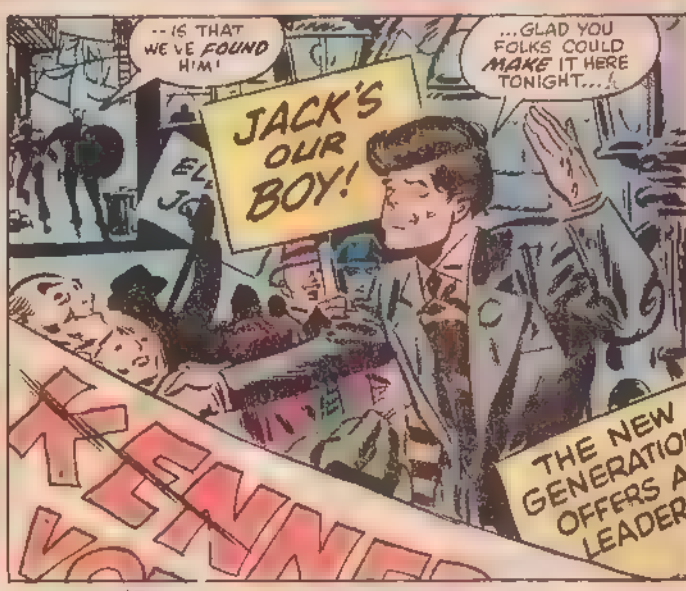

I DON'T SEE ANYONE HERE TO GREET US.
YOU WOULD, IF ANYBODY WOULD-- WITH THOSE NEW GLASSES YOUR DOC PRESCRIBED!
SAYS THE KID WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FRECKLE CREAM ALL OVER HIS FACE!
WAIT! OVER THERE-- IN THE SHADOWS--!


TORCH! TORO! BUT-- WHO'S THAT WITH YOU?
HUH? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, CAP? I'M THE PATRIOT-- THE GUY WHO'S MODELED HIS WHOLE SPY-BUSTING CAREER AFTER YOU-- REMEMBER?
ER, UH-- SURE! WHAT'S UP? WHO'S THAT YOU'RE HOLDING?
TELL HIM TORCH

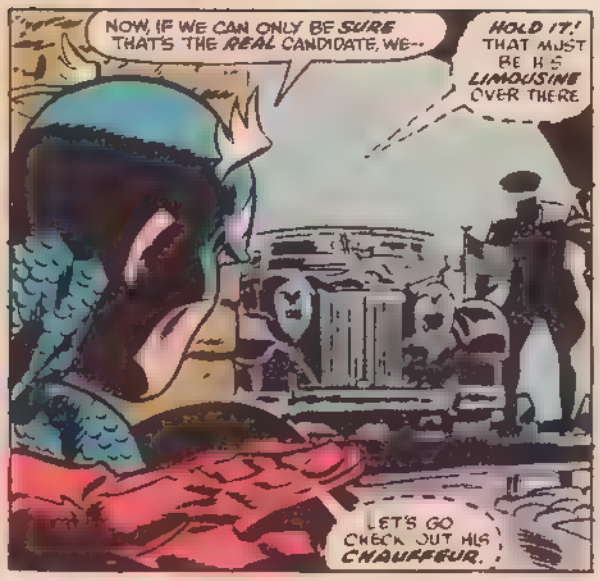

WHEN THE BARE FACTS WERE REVEALED..
..BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHICH OF THE TEN DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES THIS "ADAM-II" PLANS TO PULL THE SWITCH ON?
NOT A CLUE!
THEN WE MUST CONTACT THEM ALL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!


"MOMENTS LATER, WITH SCHEDULE-REVEALING NEWSPAPERS IN HAND, THE EIGHT SUPER-HEROES RUSHED OFF ON A MISSION PERHAPS AS IMPORTANT AS ANY THEY EVER TACKLED DURING WARTIME..
..YET WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING WHY THIS WAS SO.


OUR GUY SURE HAS A BUSY SCHEDULE CAP!
WHAT COUNTS LAD--

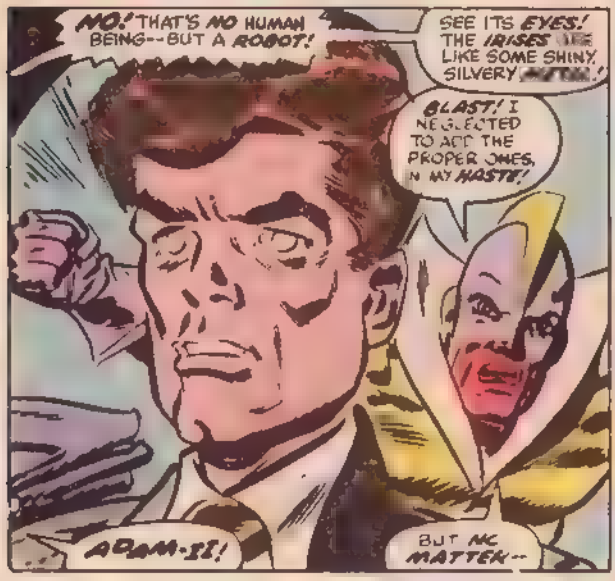

--IS THAT WE'VE FOUND HIM!
JACK'S OUR BOY!
...GLAD YOU FOLKS COULD MAKE IT HERE TONIGHT...!
THE NEW GENERATION OFFERS A LEADER

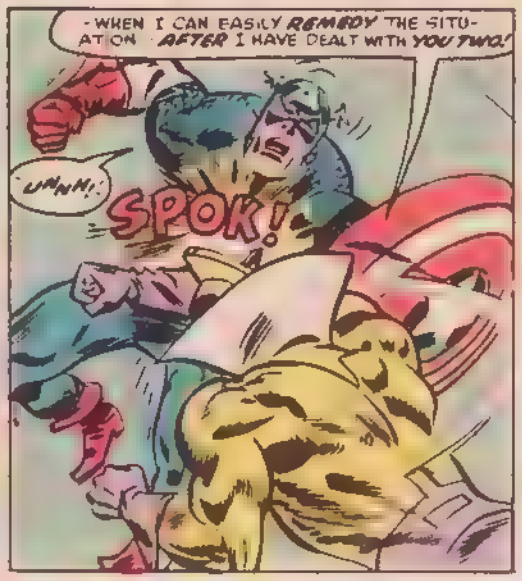
HEY! THAT GUY LOOKS FAMILIAR SOMEHOW
HE SHOULD! THAT'S JACK KENNEDY! HE WAS A WAR HERO IN THE PACIFIC, REMEMBER?
YEAH! BUT-- THIS IS ONE OF THE POOREST DISTRICTS IN BOSTON!
EVEN A FORMER AMBASSADOR'S SON HAS TO START SOMEWHERE, KID.

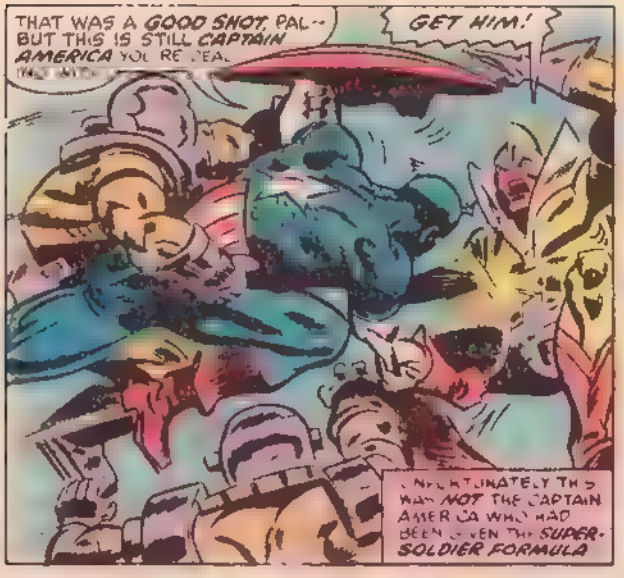

NOW, IF WE CAN ONLY BE SURE THAT'S THE REAL CANDIDATE, WE--
HOLD IT! THAT MUST BE HIS LIMOUSINE OVER THERE
LET'S GO CHECK OUT HIS CHAUFFEUR.

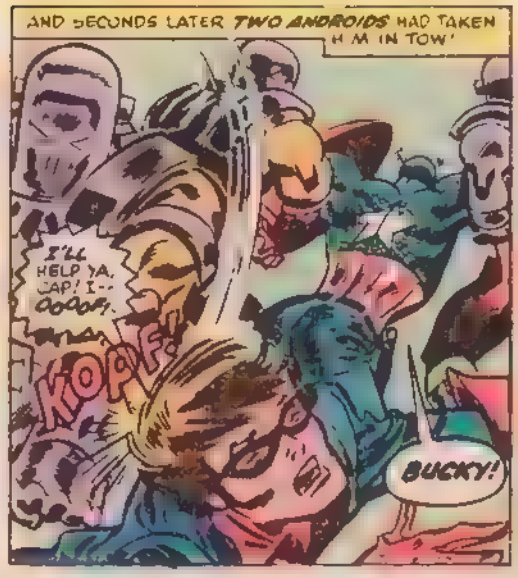
HOLY CATS! A FACELESS "CHAUFFEUR"--AN ANDROID--STANDING OVER THE REAL ONE!
HE MUST'VE BEEN PLANNING TO KIDNAP THE REAL KENNEDY!
I ASSURE YOU, HE IS MY TRUE CHAUFFEUR
WOW!

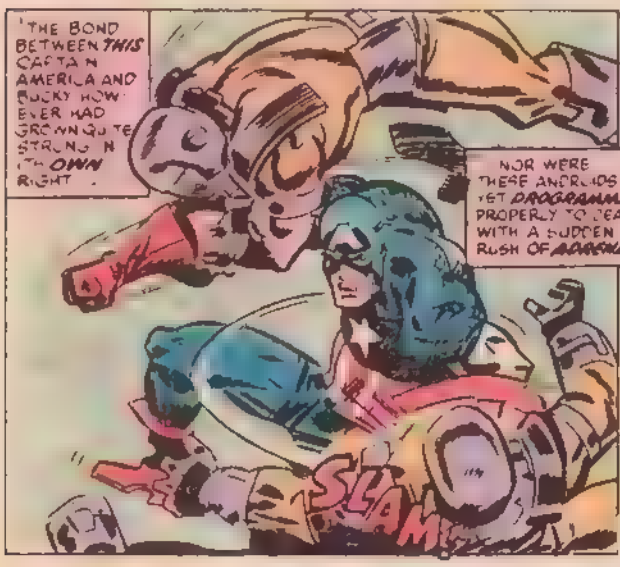
CAP-- LOOK!
IT'S-- CANDIDATE KENNEDY!
THAT'S CORRECT. NOW, IF YOU'LL PLEASE STEP ASIDE, WE MUST GET ON TO THE NEXT--

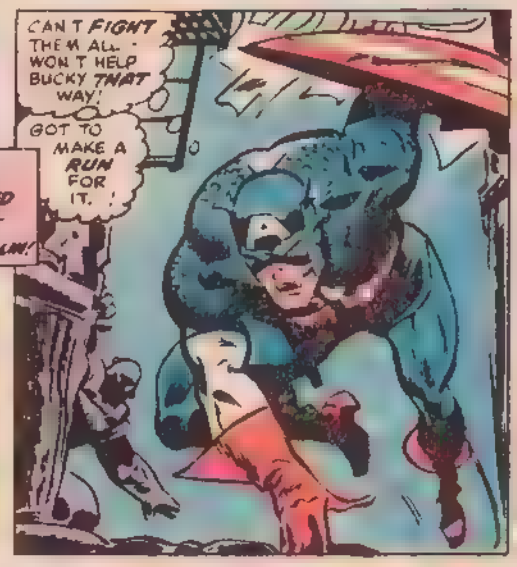

NO! THAT'S NO HUMAN BEING--BUT A ROBOT!
SEE ITS EYES! THE IRISES ARE LIKE SOME SHINY, SILVERY METAL!
BLAST! I NEGLECTED TO ADD THE PROPER ONES, IN MY HASTE!
ADAM-II!
BUT NO MATTER--

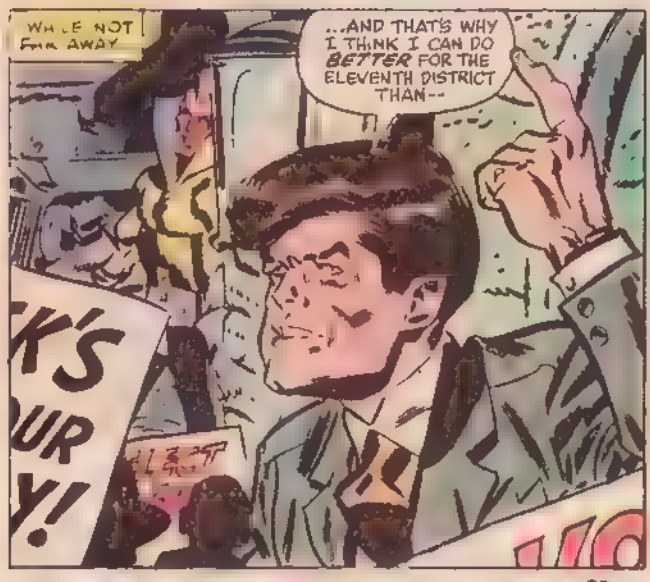

-WHEN I CAN EASILY REMEDY THE SITUATION AFTER I HAVE DEALT WITH YOU TWO!
UNNH!
SPOK!

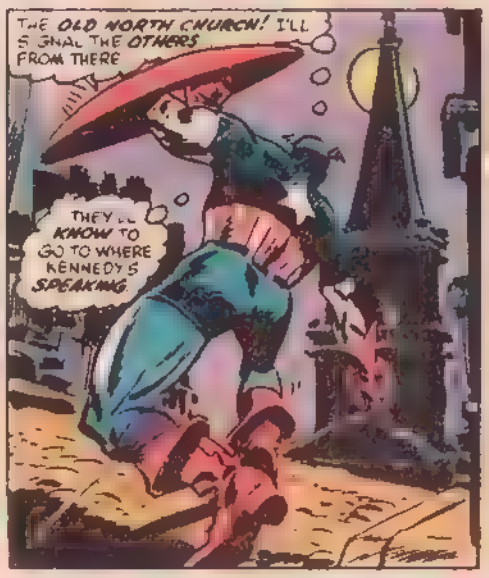

THAT WAS A GOOD SHOT, PAL-- BUT THIS IS STILL CAPTAIN AMERICA YOU'RE DEAL-ING WITH!
GET HIM!
UNFORTUNATELY THIS WAS NOT THE CAPTAIN AMERICA WHO HAD BEEN GIVEN THE SUPER-SOLDIER FORMULA

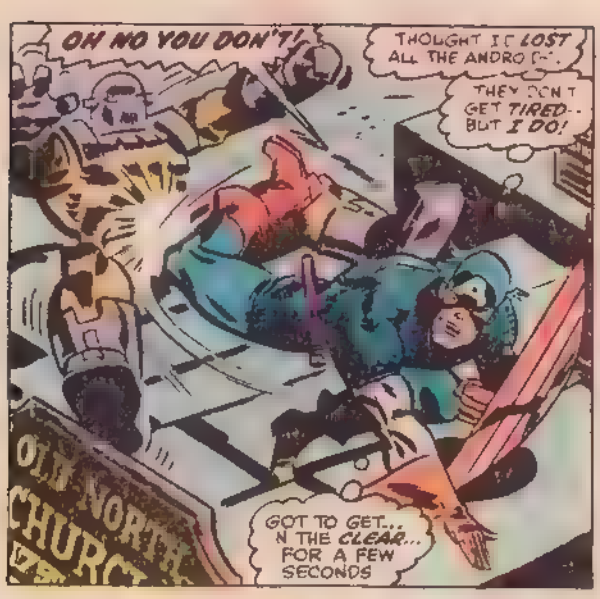

AND SECONDS LATER TWO ANDROIDS HAD TAKEN HIM IN TOW!
I'LL HELP YA, CAP! I-- OOOOF!
KOPF!
BUCKY!

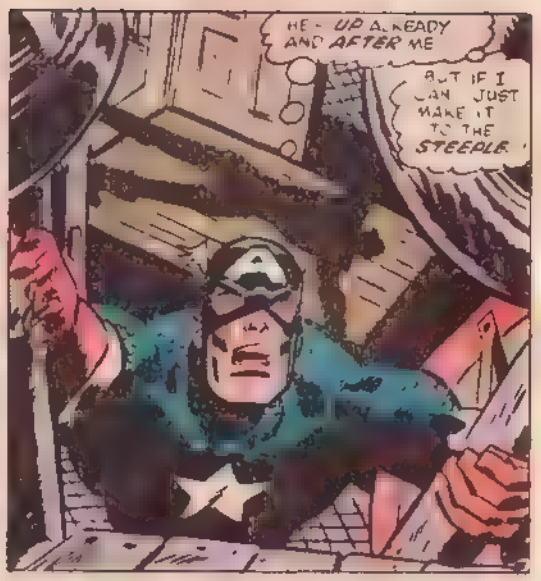

THE BOND BETWEEN THIS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY HOWEVER HAD GROWN QUITE STRONG IN ITS OWN RIGHT.
NOR WERE THESE ANDROIDS YET PROGRAMMED PROPERLY TO DEAL WITH A SUDDEN RUSH OF ADRENALIN!
SLAM

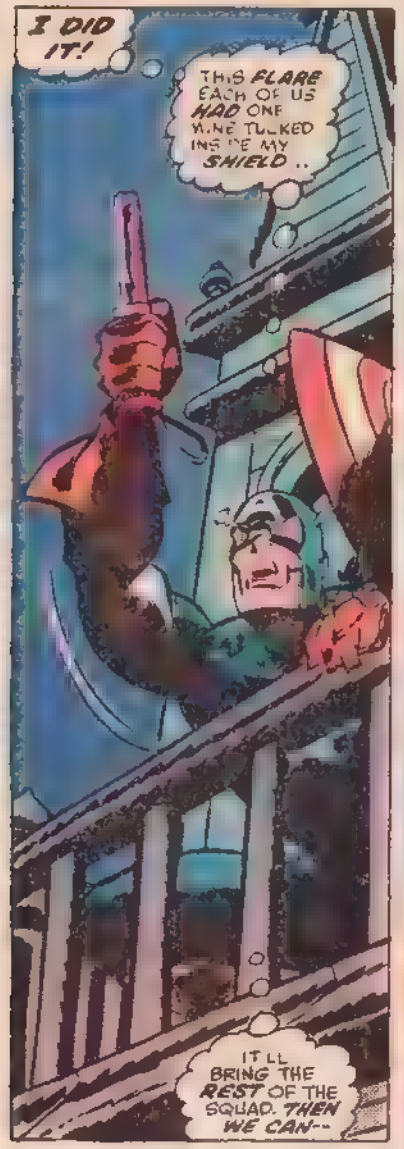

CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL - WON'T HELP BUCKY THAT WAY!
GOT TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT.


WHILE NOT FAR AWAY...
...AND THAT'S WHY I THINK I CAN DO BETTER FOR THE ELEVENTH DISTRICT THAN--


THE OLD NORTH CHURCH! I'LL SIGNAL THE OTHERS FROM THERE
THEY'LL KNOW TO GO TO WHERE KENNEDY'S SPEAKING

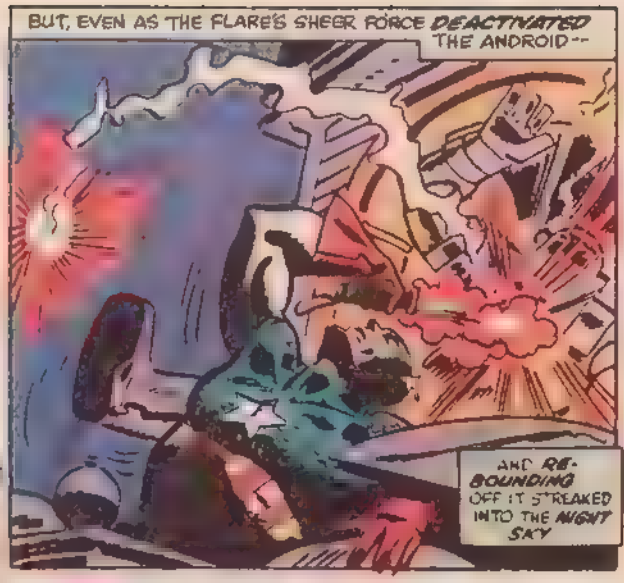

OH NO YOU DON'T!
THOUGHT I'D LOST ALL THE ANDRO[illegible]
THEY DON'T GET TIRED-- BUT I DO!
GOT TO GET... N THE CLEAR... FOR A FEW SECONDS
OLD NORTH CHURC

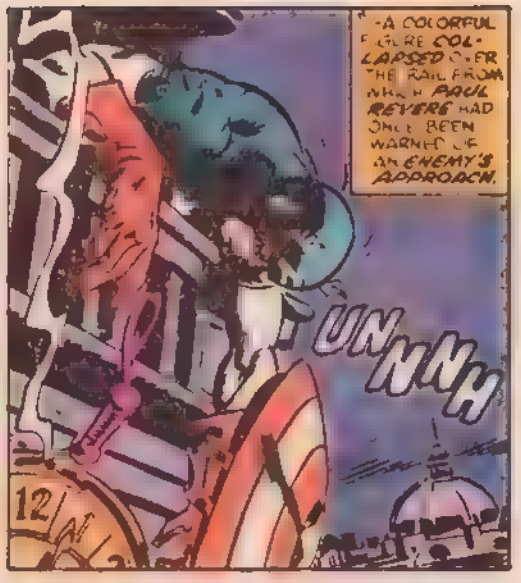

HE'S UP ALREADY AND AFTER ME
BUT IF I CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THE STEEPLE

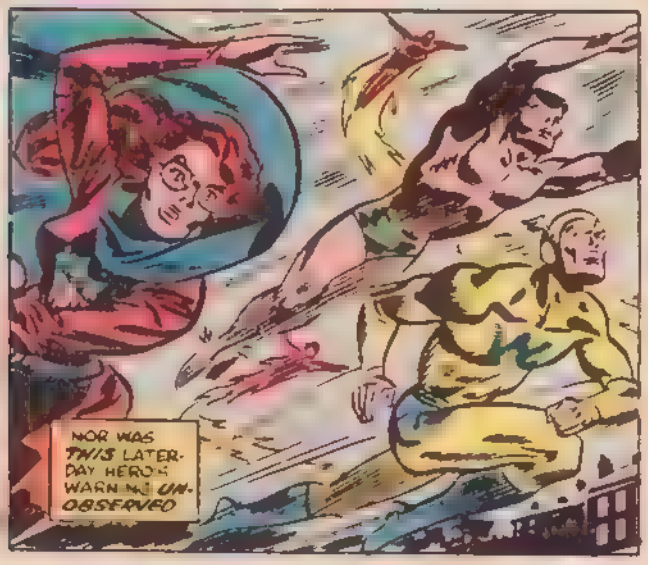

I DID IT!
THIS FLARE EACH OF US HAD ONE WINE TUCKED INSIDE MY SHIELD..
IT'LL BRING THE REST OF THE SQUAD. THEN WE CAN--

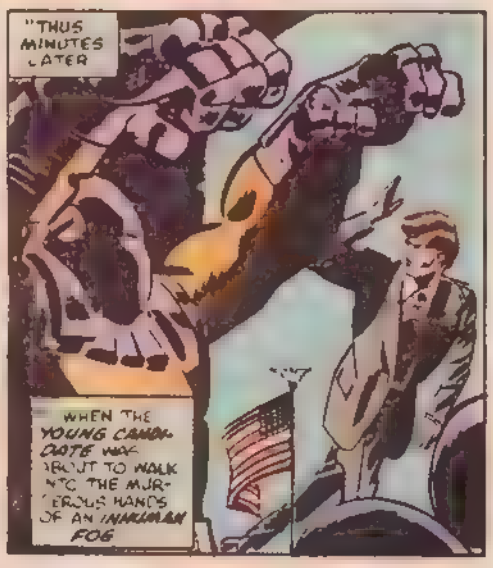
ARR
RR
THE ELECTRONIC COMMANDS OF ADAM-II HAD BEEN QUITE SPECIFIC:
"TAKE NO CHANCES WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA. IF YOU CAPTURE HIM-- CRUSH HIM TO DEATH!"

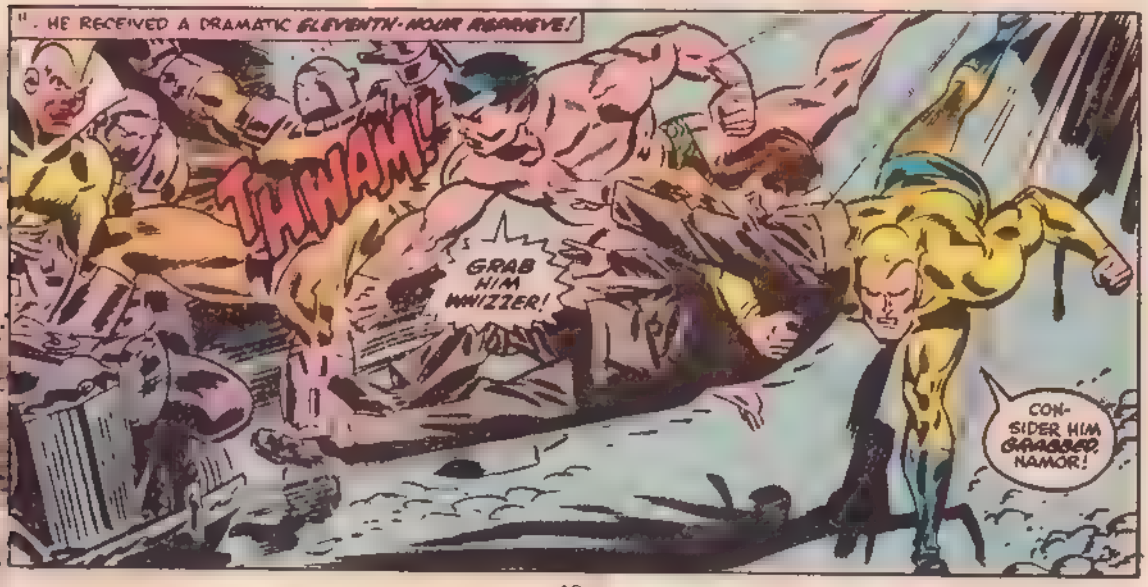
ONLY CHANCE MUST USE FLARE AGAINST THE ANDROID!
SHOOSH
HE WAS CORRECT IT HAD BEEN THE ONLY CHANCE HE HAD FOR LIFE

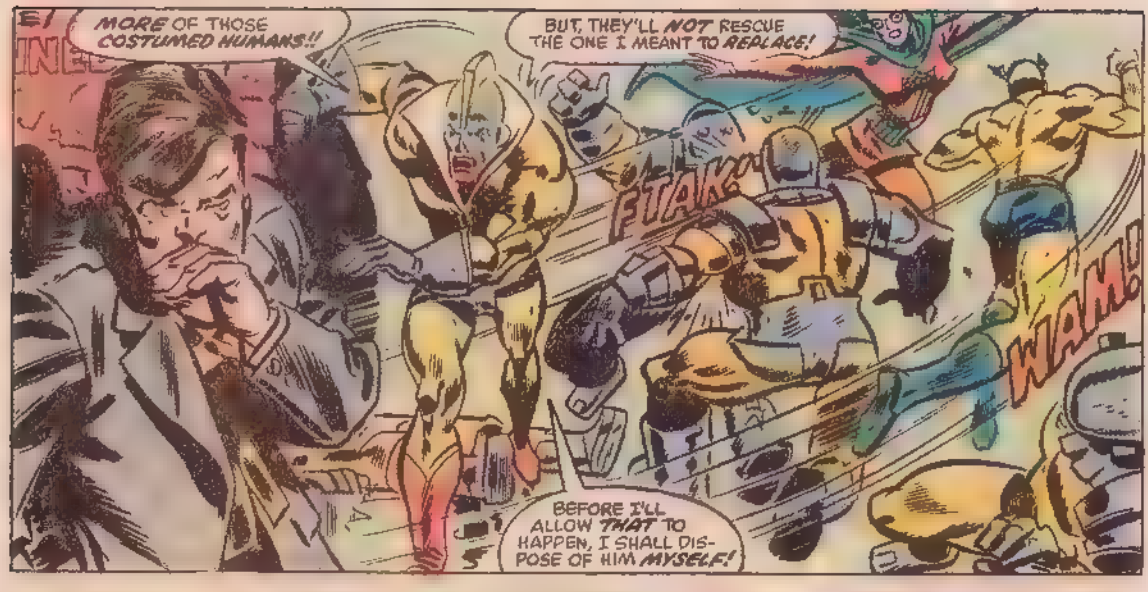

BUT, EVEN AS THE FLARE'S SHEER FORCE DEACTIVATED THE ANDROID--
AND RE-BOUNDING OFF IT STREAKED INTO THE NIGHT SKY

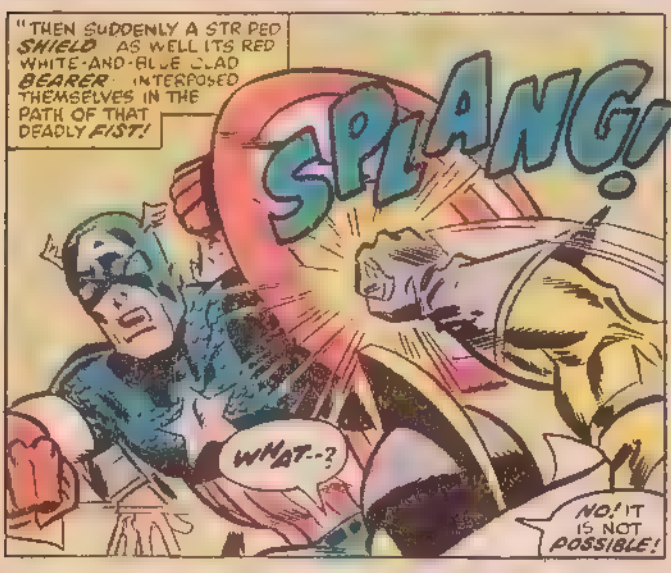

-A COLORFUL FIGURE COLLAPSED OVER THE RAIL FROM WHICH PAUL REVERE HAD ONCE BEEN WARNED OF AN ENEMY'S APPROACH.
UNNNH
12

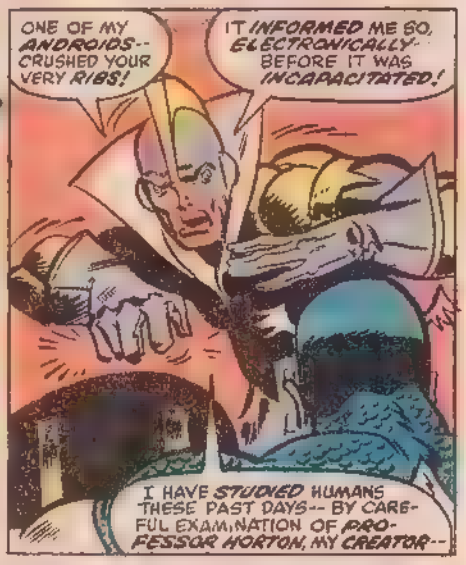

NOR WAS THIS LATER-DAY HERO'S WARNING UNOBSERVED

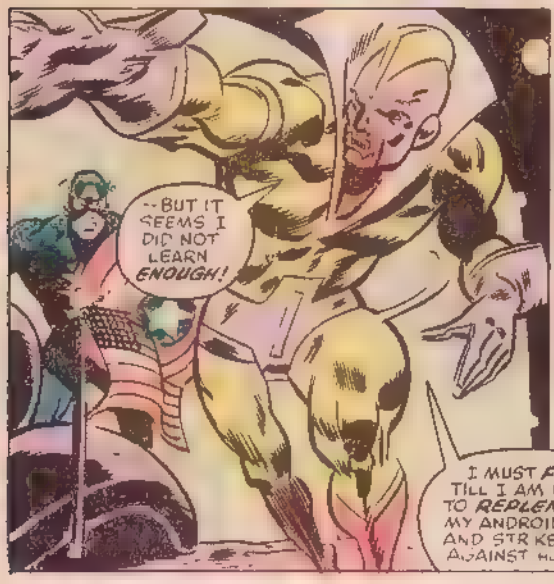

"THUS MINUTES LATER
WHEN THE YOUNG CANDIDATE WAS ABOUT TO WALK INTO THE MURDEROUS HANDS OF AN INHUMAN FOG

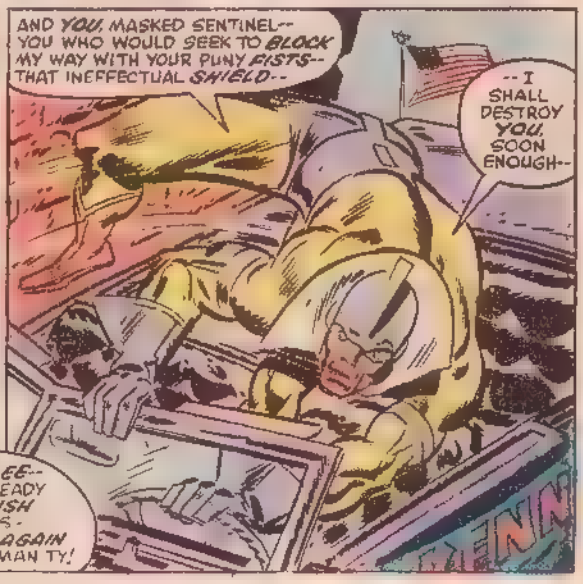

". HE RECEIVED A DRAMATIC ELEVENTH-HOUR REPRIEVE!
THWAM!
GRAB HIM WHIZZER!
CONSIDER HIM GRABBED, NAMOR!

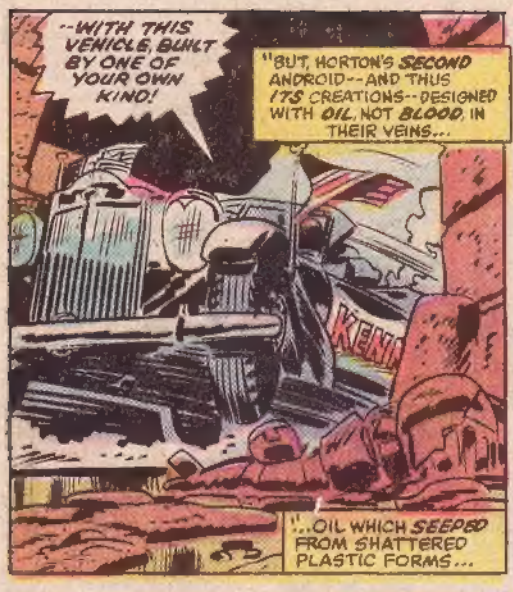

MORE OF THOSE COSTUMED HUMANS!!
BUT, THEY'LL NOT RESCUE THE ONE I MEANT TO REPLACE!
FTAK
WAMM
BEFORE I'LL ALLOW THAT TO HAPPEN, I SHALL DISPOSE OF HIM MYSELF!

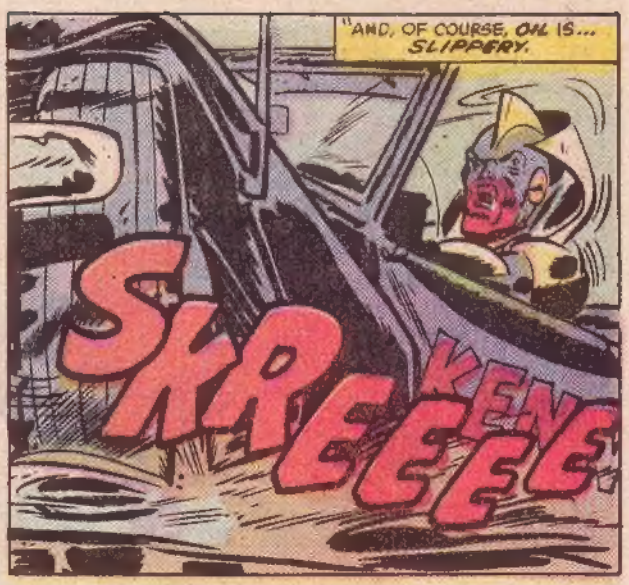

"THEN SUDDENLY A STRIPED SHIELD AS WELL ITS RED WHITE-AND-BLUE CLAD BEARER INTERPOSED THEMSELVES IN THE PATH OF THAT DEADLY FIST!
SPLANG!
WHAT--?
NO! IT IS NOT POSSIBLE!

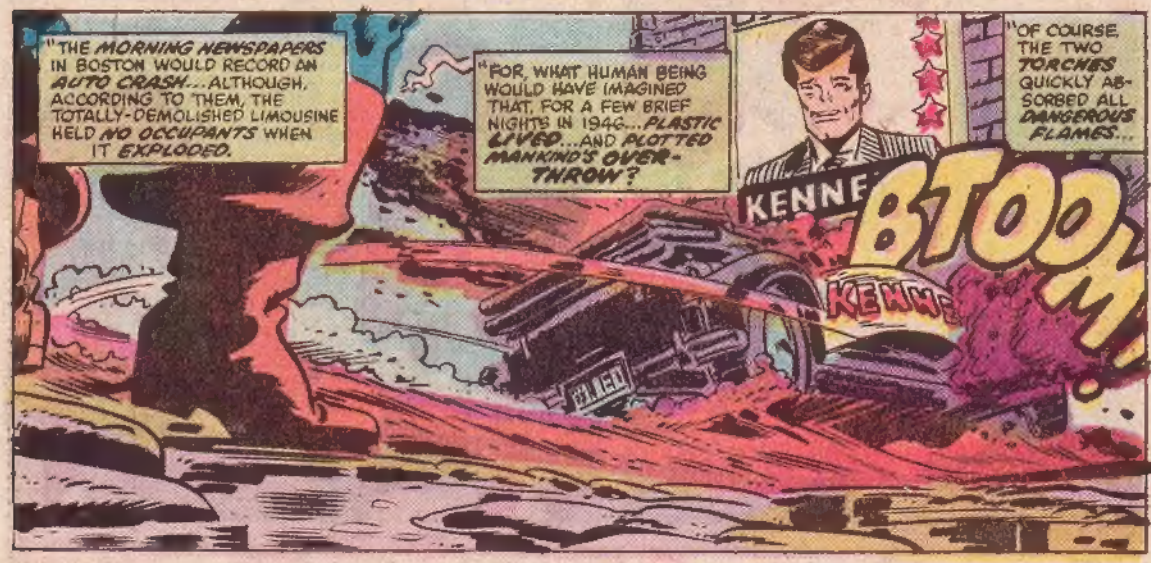

ONE OF MY ANDROIDS-- CRUSHED YOUR VERY RIBS!
IT INFORMED ME SO, ELECTRONICALLY BEFORE IT WAS INCAPACITATED!
I HAVE STUDIED HUMANS THESE PAST DAYS-- BY CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF PROFESSOR HORTON, MY CREATOR--


--BUT IT SEEMS I DID NOT LEARN ENOUGH!
I MUST FLEE-- TILL I AM READY TO REPLENISH MY ANDROIDS - AND STRIKE AGAIN AGAINST HUMANITY!


AND YOU, MASKED SENTINEL-- YOU WHO WOULD SEEK TO BLOCK MY WAY WITH YOUR PUNY FISTS-- THAT INEFFECTUAL SHIELD--
--I SHALL DESTROY YOU, SOON ENOUGH--


--WITH THIS VEHICLE, BUILT BY ONE OF YOUR OWN KIND!
"BUT, HORTON'S SECOND ANDROID--AND THUS ITS CREATIONS--DESIGNED WITH OIL, NOT BLOOD, IN THEIR VEINS...
...OIL WHICH SEEPED FROM SHATTERED PLASTIC FORMS...


"AND, OF COURSE, OIL IS... SLIPPERY.
SKREEEE


"THE MORNING NEWSPAPERS IN BOSTON WOULD RECORD AN AUTO CRASH...ALTHOUGH, ACCORDING TO THEM, THE TOTALLY-DEMOLISHED LIMOUSINE HELD NO OCCUPANTS WHEN IT EXPLODED.
"FOR, WHAT HUMAN BEING WOULD HAVE IMAGINED THAT, FOR A FEW BRIEF NIGHTS IN 1946...PLASTIC LIVED...AND PLOTTED MANKIND'S OVER-THROW?
"OF COURSE, THE TWO TORCHES QUICKLY ABSORBED ALL DANGEROUS FLAMES...
KENNE
BTOOM
KENNE

"THEN...
...AND I THANK YOU ALL FOR RESCUING ME, EVEN IF YOU INSIST ON BEING A LITTLE VAGUE ABOUT WHAT FROM!
WE FEAR IT MUST REMAIN OUR SECRET, SIR.
CALL ME JACK.
I JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY SOMEONE WOULD BOTHER TRYING TO HARM A MERE CANDIDATE IN A CONGRESSIONAL PRIMARY...!
FRANKLY, JACK...NEITHER CAN WE...

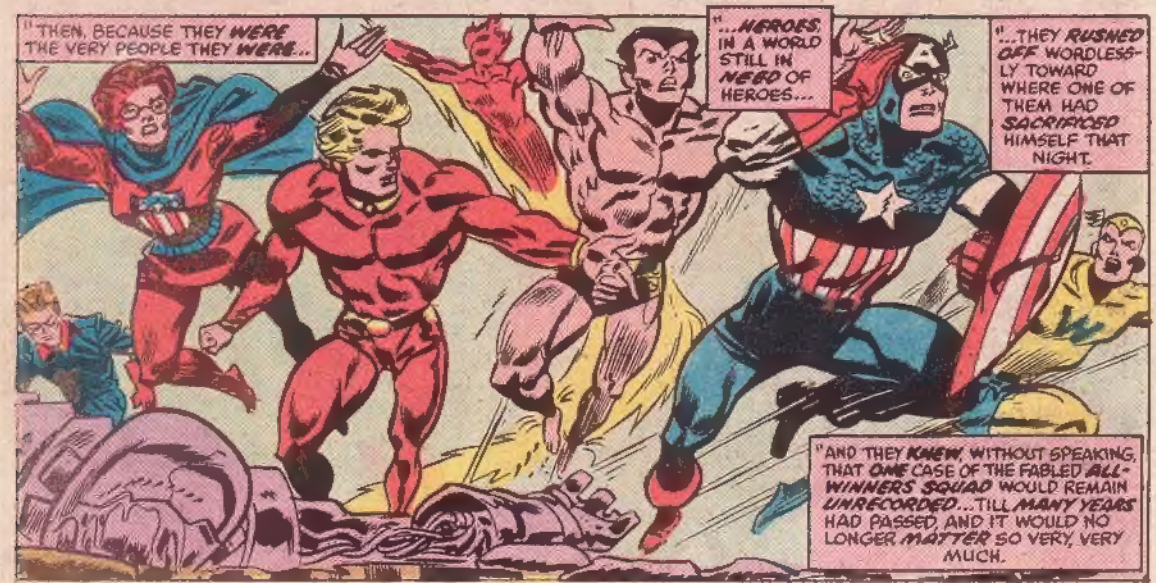
...UNLESS PERHAPS HE SAW...POSSIBILITIES IN YOU.
PERHAPS, WELL... GOOD NIGHT. AND THANKS AGAIN.
"YES, POSSIBILITIES... SUCH AS THAT OF THIS NEO-POLITICIAN BECOMING PRESIDENT...
...OF A NATION POSSESSING POWER ENOUGH TO DESTROY THE HUMAN RACE!

"YET, IN THE END, ARE GLOBAL TRAGEDIES REALLY SO DIFFERENT FROM... PERSONAL ONES?
CAP! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE OKAY! MY HEAD--!
BUCKY--OR WHOEVER YOU ARE--I'M AFRAID THAT--
HEY! YOU'RE NOT CAP!
WHO ARE YOU MISTER??
YOU'RE RIGHT, SON...

I'M NOT CAPTAIN AMERICA... OR EVEN THAT BRAVE GUY WHO TRIED TO BE CAP, THIS PAST YEAR.
THAT MAN DIED TONIGHT... AT THE OLD NORTH CHURCH... WHILE YOU WERE RUSHING HERE.
HE TOLD ME WHO HE REALLY WAS... BEFORE HE DIED...

...AND I TOOK HIS PLACE...
...USING A SPARE COSTUME I FOUND IN THE SUB-MARINER'S FLAG-SHIP!
I WANTED TO FINISH THIS THING... FOR BOTH CAPTAIN AMERICAS!!
THAT VOICE-- YOU'RE THE PATRIOT!

THE SECOND CAPTAIN AMERICA-- DEAD!?
KILLED--JUST LIKE STEVE ROGERS! OH MY GOD--!
NO! IT--IT JUST CAN'T BE--!
I--I ONLY WISH IT HAD BEEN ME, INSTEAD!
I MEAN THAT!
"ALL WAS STILL FOR A MOMENT, THERE IN BOSTON...


"THEN, BECAUSE THEY WERE THE VERY PEOPLE THEY WERE...
"...HEROES, IN A WORLD STILL IN NEED OF HEROES...
"...THEY RUSHED OFF WORDLESSLY TOWARD WHERE ONE OF THEM HAD SACRIFICED HIMSELF THAT NIGHT.
"AND THEY KNEW, WITHOUT SPEAKING, THAT ONE CASE OF THE FABLED ALL-WINNERS SQUAD WOULD REMAIN UNRECORDED... TILL MANY YEARS HAD PASSED, AND IT WOULD NO LONGER MATTER SO VERY, VERY MUCH.

NEXT ISSUE: THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN! BY UNIVERSAL DEMAND! WHAT IF CAPTAIN AMERICA HADN'T VANISHED DURING WORLD WAR II?

WHAT IF™

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

50¢ CC

4 AUG 02686

WHAT IF™ THE INVADERS™ HAD STAYED TOGETHER AFTER WORLD WAR TWO?

U.S.
71486 02686
0